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THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BEAUTIFUL

FROM THE

FRENCH OF VICTOR COUSIN

TRANSLATED

WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY JESSE CATO DANIEL

CHESHUNT COLLEGE

LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1848

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Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the year 1818, M. Couſin delivered a courſe of lectures on the True, the Beautiful and the Good: this Volume is a tranſlation of that part of the courſe which is entitled The Beautiful.

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INTRODUCTION.

IT will be conceded as generally true, that the Engliſh writers have advocated no theory which allows the Beautiful to be univerſal and abſolute; nor have they profeſſedly founded their views on original and ultimate principles. The concluſion to be arrived at from the works of Hume, Burke, Aliſon and other eminent writers on this ſubject, might be ſtated in the language of Hume. "Beauty is no quality in things themſelves; it exiſts merely in the mind which con-

" templates them; and each mind per-
" ceives a different Beauty: one mind
" perceives deformity where another is
" ſenſible of Beauty; and every indi-
" vidual ought to acquieſce in his own
" ſentiment without pretending to regu-
" late thoſe of others."* That Beauty is mutable and ſpecial, has, for the moſt part, been the doctrine of the Engliſh ſchool, and the inference which has been drawn from this teaching is, that all taſtes are equally juſt, provided that each man ſpeaks of what he feels; that in the vaſt range of nature there is not anything endowed with any quality which at once makes it appear beautiful to *every* perſon; ſo that every perſon may be permitted to exalt whatſoever is pleaſing in his own eyes, to the rank of Beauty.

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* Hume's Eſſays, Vol. 1: Eſſ. XXII.

The German and ſome of the French writers have thought far differently: with them the Beautiful is ſimple, immutable, abſolute, though its *forms* are manifold; they hold, that he who enters the domain of Beauty, and ſays—This is Beautiful—utters a judgment not perſonal but univerſal, not the prompting of prejudice or cuſtom or education, but the voice of humanity; reaſon, the revelation of God in man, has pronounced the object to be Beautiful. Victor Couſin is an earneſt adherent to ſuch views as theſe, and in the work of which the following pages are a tranſlation, he illuſtrates and eſtabliſhes them with the learning and philoſophical acumen which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh him. To thoſe who ſtudy mental ſcience it is ſuperfluous either to explain the principle upon which he grounds his

remarks concerning the Beautiful, or to extol the value of his writings: the words of Sir William Hamilton ſpoken in high admiration of his character and accompliſhments are becoming the ſettled opinion of all who on this ſubject are qualified to give one; "Take him all in all, in "France M. Couſin ſtands alone."* But there are thoſe who, cordially allowing theſe praiſes as pronounced by competent judges, cannot themſelves confirm them by the utterance ariſing from individual inveſtigation. It is therefore for them that the following very brief ſtatement is intended.

Couſin has endeavoured to reduce the categories of Kant to two fundamental ideas; cauſe and being: the origin of

* Edinburgh Review, No 99, Art: XI.

the idea of Cauſe was for a long time ſought in external nature, but Hume ſhewed that no ſuch ultimate notions could be drawn from the phyſical world. The German philoſophers with Fichte at their head have thought that the idea of Cauſe is evolved from that of the Me, the conſcious Self. In fact, Fichte affirms the idea of Cauſe to be nothing elſe than the idea of free-will, which latter *is* the idea of the Me. To ſome extent M. Couſin agrees with this view, but he conſiderably modifies it. He diſtinguiſhes two moments or real ſtarting-points in the developement of the Me which have been confounded together; the moment of Spontaneity and the moment of Reflection; the firſt is primitive and confuſed, the truths which are diſcovered in it lie enwrapped in obſcurity; the idea of Cauſe

has its beginning rooted here, but it is indiſtinct like the other elements of intellectual life, which all exiſt firſt of all in this primitive ſtate of the mind, the moment of ſpontaneity. However in the moment of reflection light falls upon the idea, and definite proportion is given to it, and the more reflection examines it the more diſtinctly will it ſtand forth from the dimneſs of its primal ſtate in our conſciouſneſs; ſo that life is a continual tranſition from darkneſs to light: from activity, ſpontaneous and not the reſult of volition, the infancy of the human mind, to activity, intelligent and reflective, the manhood of the mind. The principle of cauſality embraces the whole range of phenomena, and rules all that is contingent and finite. But there is another fundamental idea in the human mind: all that

is phenomenal implies the ſubſtance or being whence it proceeds; and juſt as the idea of cauſe encloſes all phenomena, ſo the idea of being encloſes all neceſſary principles. Thus Cauſe and Being, according to Couſin are the two grand elementary beliefs of the human mind, and the foundation of all philoſophy. God, the Infinite Being and Cauſe of all things manifeſts himſelf under three forms, the True, the Good, the Beautiful. "God "hath not left himſelf without witneſs;" for every aſpect of nature, whether tender and pleaſing, or ſevere and awful; life in its wideſt ſenſe; the inſect, the animal, and man, illuſtrate and proclaim Him. The Beautiful, the True, and the Good are ever entwined together, nor muſt they be diſengaged from each other's embrace: the True and the Good are expreſſed in

the Beautiful, which is beautiful becauſe it incloſes a *moral* idea. Thus all beauty is moral and therefore points to the nature of the Divine Being. This is the doctrine that Couſin has undertaken to expound, and ſo far forth as his views are unfolded they are catholic and truthful. Obſervant of the many *forms* of beauty, and the changing taſtes of different nations and ages, he has not inferred that the beautiful is inconſtant, but looking beyond its various ſhrines, he has declared it to be immutable and to have its ſource in the breaſt of the infinite. He does not teach us to worſhip the beautiful or the true; no falſe adoration of abſtract ideas: no ſilly raving about the ideally lovely find countenance from him, for he believes that the Good, the True and the Beautiful meet and unite in an Infinite Perſonal

God.* The ſubject is ſubmitted to a rigid analyſis and throughout the lectures there does not appear any, the leaſt myſticiſm, unleſs indeed the adoption of *á priori* principles by which not only this, but all his enquiries are guided and ſuſtained conſtitutes Couſin a myſtic. Should this be charged upon him, we need only reply: all that is ultimate, Truth itſelf like the God of Truth is enſhrouded in "ſhadows, clouds and darkneſs," and for man to ſoar in thought above the relative and finite, and with the eye of Reaſon to pierce the ſecret pavilion of ultimate Truth is we believe within his power and what his conſtitution allows.

Nor does this reply require to be accompanied with a defence of tranſcen-

* See appendix A: on the charge of Pantheiſm.

dental philoſophy; ſuch a defence would be out of place in this little volume, and it is being handled in this country and elſewhere by men who are capable of conducting it.

The moral element in all beauty caſts a halo of ſanctity over creation; every part of it ſeems lit up with heavenly glory: and in the univerſe of thoughts, actions and ideas whatever is deſtitute of this glory is unlovely. Surely that doctrine is exalted which thus affirms that there is nothing fair or amiable, or pure or praiſeworthy—nothing beautiful unleſs it reflects in ſome degree the moral character of God. The true artiſt penetrated with this belief, works with a high enthuſiaſm and purpoſe which give a dignity and worth to him and his achievements, that can never reſt upon the mere copyiſt of

forms or upon him who miſſes the great aim of Art—the revelation of the Infinite.

The accidental aſſociations of places and of perſons; the events of his age, its paſſing prejudices and unſtable fancies, are permitted to appear in the works of the true artiſt only ſo far as they ſerve to unfold permanent and univerſal ideas; theſe laſt exiſt in his mind, there they revolve and are pondered in earneſt thoughtfulneſs, till his whole nature is moved by them and he needs muſt expreſs them in the canvaſs or in language or in marble. He is always intelligible, for he lays hold on the ſympathies and appeals to the reaſon of humanity, and if that nobleſt part of our nature which he touches gives back no reſponſive thrill, it is becauſe it has fallen from its high eſtate, its original and perfect love for the good and beautiful.

If the true end of the fine arts and the miſſion of the artiſt were better underſtood by all, the ſculpture and the picture gallery would be conſecrated by pure and heavenward feelings and there would the "Men of God" ſupremely

> Adore with ſteadfaſt unpreſuming gaze
> Him Nature's eſſence, mind and energy,
> And gazing, trembling, patiently aſcend,
> Treading beneath their feet all viſible things
> As ſteps, that upward to their Father's throne
> Lead gradual.*

The theory of Beauty ſet forth in the following lectures ſhould be ſtudied not only by the artiſt but by all for whom he labours, ſince every man requires culture. It is ſurpriſing how few perſons ſeem to be aware of the aeſthetic forces which are preſſing upon them: and yet muſt we

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* Coleridge's Religious Muſings.

not conceive of every man as a centre towards which ſilent and inviſible influences converge as they are darted evermore from a myriad objects? There is a ſenſe in which it may be ſaid that the objective univerſe exiſts for Man. Awful foreſts, gentle landſcapes, mountain and vale, the ocean and the ſtreamlet, the pathleſs deſert and

> the mead
> All full of freſhé flow'res white and red,

darkneſs and the glorious ſunlight, the dreadful hurricane and the ſummer evening breeze, even the ſtars of heaven appeal to Man. And it is thus with the entire hiſtory of his race: not one event in it is without a purpoſe and a meaning for him. Falſe ſyſtems and the effects of acting them out; the policy of rulers; the

marvels of the intellectual world, its diſcoveries in ſcience and the mental proceſſes themſelves that brought Truth to light; all the renowned inſtances of profound thinking, theſe too appeal to Man. Beſides theſe *moral* life and action preſs in upon him with threefold influence; in this region the Beautiful and the Sublime are found in the higheſt energy and moſt radiant forms; the conflict between integrity and inſiduous allurements to wrong; the heroic ſteadfaſtneſs of virtue and faith amid rudeſt taunts and moſt bitter ſorrows: the juſt man holding inflexibly to right principles under tortures and in death: the mother's love and each of the ſocial affections, theſe appeal to Man: to all theſe varied and mighty influences his heart is open, for he is endowed with an

emotional nature by which they are met and reſponded to. This is the deſign of God: from the creation of the world he has revealed, "His eternal power and "Godhead," His wiſdom and His goodneſs "by the things that are ſeen and made," and ſince Man is the being for whom above all others this revelation is intended, his conſtitution is ſuſceptible of emotion from the external world. How blameworthy then are they who recoil from the ſentiment of the Beautiful and the Sublime or coldly paſs it by as harmleſs frenzy. If their "fooliſh heart be darkened" by a miſconception of the relation between the Bible and the Book of Nature, we would remind them that the former interprets and is in perfect harmony with the latter, but does not diſpenſe with it, and

that the Apoſtle inſpired by the God of all beauty, truth and goodneſs writes, "Finally, brethren, whatſoever things are "true, whatſoever things are honeſt, "whatſoever things are juſt, whatſoever "things are pure, whatſoever things are "lovely, whatſoever things are of good "report; if there be any VIRTUE and if any PRAISE, think on theſe things."*

But if others are indifferent to beauty and ſublimity juſt becauſe they imagine them to be of no great importance, ſuch perſons not only cut off from themſelves a ſource of pure and lofty enjoyment, but they alſo wrong their own ſouls. They may indeed poſſeſs that living Faith, that Holy Influence, and that Bleſſed Hope

* Philippians iv. 8.

which can conduct them to immortal happineſs, yet ſtill they are wilfully ſealing up every avenue for the entrance of certain external influences which God has deſigned for our moral culture. Now to do this, is to ſhew a diſregard to the world *within*, the mind: it is at leaſt to ſhew that we are diſtreſſed by no intenſe deſire to ſeek out every means by which our nature may be re-adjuſted and made perfect in moral beauty. The ſtudy of the Beautiful then is not only our duty, but is eminently beneficial, both ſpeculatively as a philoſophical exerciſe, and practically, as conducive to our moral improvement and to the glory of the Creator: " amid the magnificent ſyſtem " of material ſigns in which we reſide, " it gives us the mighty Key which can

" interpret them:—and it makes us look
" upon the univerſe which we inhabit
" not as the abode only of human cares
" or human joys but as the temple of
" the Living God, in which praiſe is due
" and where ſervice is to be performed."*

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* Aliſon's Eſſays on Taſte. Eſſay ii. chap. vi. ſec. 6.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER having proteſted againſt the excluſive ſpirit of the two great Schools which divide the Eighteenth Century, and after having placed the Me and the Material world oppoſite each other, which theſe ſchools had confounded together as one element, we attempted to add a third order of ideas, independent of the other two; theſe ideas,

which we have called Abſolute Ideas, have been reduced to thoſe of Cauſe and Subſtance, the latter appearing under the triple form of the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

We have already given our attention to the idea of the True.[1] We have ſhown, under its relative character, or under the neceſſity with which it is impreſſed, the abſolute and univerſal nature which belongs to it; we have marked the ſucceſſive tranſitions it undergoes in the human mind, and we have proved that, under whatever form it exiſts, it is never confounded with the underſtanding, nor with phyſical nature, that it remains a pure and abſolute idea, the unſhaken foundation of all the ſciences, the manifeſtation of the unchanging and infinite Being.

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[1] The lectures on the True immediately precede thoſe on the Beautiful in M. Couſin's courſe.

We are now prepared to recognize the ſame character in the idea of the Beautiful. If the idea of the Beautiful is not abſolute like the idea of the true; if it is nothing more than the expreſſion of individual ſentiment, the rebound of a changing ſenſation, or the reſult of each perſon's fancy, then the diſcuſſions on the Fine Arts waver without ſupport, and will never have an end. For a theory of the Fine Arts to be poſſible, there muſt be ſomething abſolute in Beauty, juſt as there muſt be ſomething abſolute in the idea of Goodneſs, to render morals a poſſible ſcience; let us therefore try to prove the abſoluteneſs of the idea of Beauty.

There are Philoſophers who do not recognize any other abſolute ideas than thoſe which are general, collective; that is to ſay, ideas which the mind forms by obſerving ſeveral individual objects, whoſe marks it compares and whoſe reſem-

blances it ſeizes. Other Philoſophers, without rejecting the collective ideas we are ſpeaking of, admit alſo general ideas which are not the reſult of compariſon: for inſtance, take the idea of a triangle: the advocates for collective ideas think that, different natural and imperfect triangles having been placed before the eyes of men, the mind has neglected their differences and has taken notice of their reſemblances, and arrived at the general and collective conception of the geometrical triangle. Others agree that if man had never ſeen a natural triangle he would never have obtained the idea of a perfect one: but they affirm that the ſight of theſe imperfect triangles is nothing but an occaſion for the mind to conceive the abſolute idea of a pure triangle, whoſe *elements*, they ſay, could not be furniſhed by the ſight of imperfect triangles. Let us examine theſe two oppoſite opinions.

The Philoſophers who admit only general, collective and contingent ideas reaſon thus: we have before us individual objects; let us conſider them ſeparately, and in this way, our ideas are ſimply the reflection of the exterior world; the idea is the ſenſation, the individual repreſentation of individual objects. Let a natural figure, a triangle for inſtance, be given: on ſeeing this figure I receive the individual repreſentation of a particular triangle, and this idea varies according to the dimenſions of the triangle that I am obſerving. Such is the origin of individual ideas in this ſyſtem. We paſs now to the origin of general ideas: inſtead of one natural figure, we will ſuppoſe five or ſix figures repreſenting the triangle with more or leſs exactneſs, and having different dimenſions: we ſhall not then have a ſingle individual idea, but ſeveral ideas of the ſame kind; and ſetting aſide

what is diſſimilar in them, and attaching ourſelves only to what is common to them all, we ſhall thus acquire the *general* idea of a triangle: general ideas then, in the laſt ſtep of the analyſis, reſt on particular ideas. A Geometrician ſhould not let himſelf be ſtartled by the ſeeming clearneſs of this deduction; it does not exhibit the truth faithfully. I have agreed proviſionally to call triangles natural figures which poſſeſs imperfectly the triangular form: but the geometrical triangle is that which ſatisfies the rigour of its definition. Now there is no perfect triangle in nature, that is to ſay, a triangle which fulfils the conditions of the mathematical definition. If any *natural* figure cannot legitimately be called a triangle, how by the compariſon and collection of natural figures will you build up the idea of a perfect triangle? When I have arrived at the geometrical conception of a

triangle or of a circle, I can trace with a compaſs figures which ſeem to ſatisfy the demand of the definition; but it is becauſe I have conſtructed them according to the definition of a triangle or of a circle. Such is not the caſe with him who obſerves natural figures, and who ſeeks in them the *idea* of a circle or a triangle. Moreover I am not ſure by the help of rule and compaſs to rigorouſly ſatisfy the demand of a geometrical definition. Geometricians in their demonſtrations appeal neither to natural figures, nor even to artificial ones which they have drawn with the greateſt care according to the ideal conception, but they keep to the ideal conception, which the artificial figure is merely a mnemonic ſign of. So that Geometry is called a ſcience which conſtructs its own object: the figures it ſpeaks of are called geometrical conſtructions. It diſdains nature; deſtroys it; effaces it;

and ſubſtitutes for the groſs forms of experience, the pure and exact conceptions which Art herſelf can only diſtantly copy. If there are no natural figures which are ſtrictly geometrical, how are you able to fulfil the conditions required by geometry. Your collection will never be compoſed of properties which are not common to all the individuals, and ſince there is nothing more in one figure than in the other, you cannot draw from the ſecond what the firſt has not given you already. From the imperfect, conſidered in a number of examples, you cannot draw the perfect; ſo, from the contingent you can never draw the abſolute. He who affirms all our abſolute ideas to be collective, engages to prove that in ten natural figures, in ten imperfect circles, there are common properties, that theſe common properties are of ſuch a nature as to ſatisfy the definition of a circle, and that in one of theſe

figures there reſides one or more properties of the *geometrical* figure; for the collective idea can only be the ſum of individual ideas. The queſtion is reduced to this—to find in natural figures, properties which when added together furniſh the elements of the geometrical definition, that is, the ideal of geometry.

We call attention to two words which continually recur in this diſcuſſion: they are, on the one hand—*nature* or *experience;* on the other—*ideal.* Experience is individual or collective; but the collective is reſolved into the individual: the ideal is oppoſed to the individual and to collectiveneſs, it appears as an original conception of the mind. Nature or experience gives me the *occaſion* for conceiving the ideal, but the ideal is ſomething entirely different from experience or nature; ſo that, if we apply it to natural, or even to artificial figures, they cannot fill up the

conditions of the ideal conception, and we are obliged to *imagine* them exact. The word ideal then correſponds to an abſolute and independent idea, and not to a collective one. The problem is to know how the mind arrives at the ideal: it is a difficulty I ſhall not ſhrink from, and of which I ſhall attempt the ſolution. I proceed now to the explanation of two contrary ſyſtems of the Beautiful. There are two ſchools of Artiſts, as there are two ſchools of Geometricians; by Geometricians it is meant here, philoſophers who have ſearched into the *principles* of Geometry: ſuch were Locke, D'Alembert, and Condillac, among the moderns; and among the ancients, Pythagoras and Plato. Of theſe two ſchools, the one, at the head of which is found Protagoras, affirms that every geometrical idea is a collective fact; the other, the fathers of which were Pythagoras and, above all, Plato, regards

the geometrical figure as an *idea*; this expreſſion is contemporaneous with Plato; he recognized the ſenſation, αἴσθησις,[1] the repreſentation of an individual object. The more numerous the objects to which ſenſation is referred, the more the ſenſation is generalized; but beneath the generalized ſenſation he places what he calls ideas, ἰδέαι,[2] that is, conceptions abſolute and independent of experience; theſe ideas taken together he calls the λόγος.[3] Thus

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[1] Theaetetus 192: B. 193. &c.

[2] Plato often calls Ideas, Laws. Contemplated as exiſting in the divine mind and in the human mind they are ſtrictly to be named, Ideas: contemplated as exiſting in the material univerſe Ideas may be named, Laws. See, Outlines of the Laws of Thought, pp. 12-17. (Ed. Pickering.)—alſo, Coleridge's Aids to Reflection, Vol 1. pp. 130-133, note.

[3] Thus among other paſſages. Καί τοι εἰ μὴ ἐτυγχανεν αὐτοις ἐπιστήμη ἐνοῦσα καὶ ὀρθὸς λόγος, οὐκ ἄν οἱοί τ' ἦσαν τοῦτο ποιεῖν. Phaedon 73: A. and again, Reſpublica 500: C., &c.

in the dialogue called Theaetetus, when Socrates aſks his companion to define knowledge in general, Theaetetus, nouriſhed in the doctrines of Protagoras, replies —knowledge is ſenſation, to know is to feel: ſenſation is the relation between the me and the not-me, between man and nature, there is nothing in nature that is not in ſenſation: hence the famous doctrine of the ſchool of Protagoras: Senſibility is the ſovereign diſpoſer, man is the meaſure of every thing.[1] In the theory of the Beautiful theſe two ſchools are found in the preſence of each other: one allows

[1] . . . . πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον εἶναι. Lord Bacon in refuting the ſceptic obſerves, "Man's ſenſe "is falſely aſſerted to be the ſtandard of things: on "the contrary, all the perceptions both of the ſenſes "and of the mind bear reference to man and not to "the univerſe." Nov. Org. Book 1: Aphor. 41. He is here as elſewhere ſpeaking of our knowledge of "the truths which have their ſignatures in na-"ture" ſpecially.

the ideal, the other keeps within the limits of the real; in general the real means all that is not a creation of the mind: if the object that I wish to copy after nature presents some Beauty, the imitation is beautiful, but after all I only achieve *real* Beauty. If I am not satisfied with one object, and I bring together a great number of models, and in painting a human figure take the forehead from one, the eyes from another, the smile from a third, I shall obtain Beauty real and collective, but not ideal; for my work will not contain a single trait that cannot be found in one or other of the originals. In the same manner that we have distinguished absolute from collective ideas, we shall now separate ideal Beauty from real Beauty. But those who advocate the real exclusively, deny the existence of the ideal, or say that it consists only in union or in choice; which is equivalent to the negation

of the ideal. The ſchool oppoſed to them allows on the contrary only the ideal, and makes a complete abſtraction of the models of nature; they are artiſts who work *de tête*, this is their expreſſion. The firſt ſchool, which deſires to ſee nothing in art but an imitation of the real, forgets that all it meets in nature is but imperfect Beauty, that the Beautiful is concealed *beneath* the real. The ſecond ſchool, which takes notice of the ideal alone, falls into the oppoſite error and produces works that are unapproachable by our ſenſes. The ideal alone is cold and lifeleſs: we need not neglect the real in the ſchool of art any more than the collective idea in the ſchool of metaphyſics: but we ought not to pauſe at the merely collective, or at the merely real. The advocates of the real, ſay: Paint what is life-like, what may be felt; the infant on its mother's breaſt; the young girl grace-

fully weaving; the young man in the bloom of his manhood, preparing for battle; the more faithful your imitation is, the more vivid will be your picture; the more animated your work is, the more beautiful it is; Art is imitation, is life. We exclaim againſt this one-ſided opinion, and prefer the other ſchool. The pictures which are drawn may be pleaſing, as ſcenes from nature, but they will want a Beauty which the real can never arrive at, and which the artiſt muſt try to attain in ſome degree (for a complete attainment is impoſſible) if he deſires to fulfil all the conditions of art. The ideal without the real is lifeleſs, but the real without the ideal is deſtitute of pure Beauty. Both ought to be united. The two ſchools ought to give each other the hand, and be allied: the nobleſt works of art are the reſult of ſuch an union. Thus Beauty is an abſolute idea, and not a copy of finite,

accidental, and imperfect nature. The idea can make itself visible in the bosom of nature, but it is always veiled and imperfect. It shines more brightly in the works of man, because the arm guided by intelligence approaches nearer to the model the mind has conceived; but still the idea can never be entirely unfolded. In the following Chapters we shall examine the idea of the Beautiful, which is one of the most glorious manifestations of Absolute Being, a grand medium between God, nature and man.

CHAPTER II.

THE problem of the Beautiful is extremely complicated, it raiſes a number of queſtions that we ought to ſtate with preciſion, in order to trace beforehand a complete and orderly plan. The firſt inquiry is, whether there is the *Beautiful* in nature, what are the marks of natural Beauty, and by what intellectual operation do we arrive at this kind of Beauty. Suppoſing that the Beautiful exiſts in nature, we ſhall have to inquire in the ſecond place, whether art does not add ſomething to natural gifts, whether it

only imitates nature, in the ſenſe in which it copies her, in ſuch a manner that Beauty in art is but the reflection of Beauty in nature. Does not art imitate the object in modifying it, in making it undergo a transformation? In a word, is there ideal Beauty beneath natural Beauty?—If the two kinds of Beauty are admitted, how do we riſe from the real to the ideal, and deſcend from the ideal to the real? Which of the two ideas ſprings up firſt in the mind, that of real or of ideal Beauty? Do we begin by conceiving ideal Beauty? Is it before this type or model that we ſet the Beauty of any object we meet with in nature? or do we begin by apprehending natural Beauty, and raiſe ourſelves by a kind of etherealizing proceſs to the conception of ideal Beauty? In a word, what is the order of ſucceſſion between ideal Beauty and natural Beauty? After theſe three queſtions have been conſidered, we

ſhall have to diſcover the points of reſemblance and of difference between the two kinds of Beauty. Natural Beauty cannot be *eſſentially* oppoſed to ideal Beauty, nor ideal to real Beauty. Without doubt between theſe two orders of Beauty there are diſſimilarities which we muſt obſerve but which ought not to hide from us their primary reſemblances. When we paſs from the region of natural Beauty to that of ideal, we perceive the view-point to be changed; but the two regions are cloſe together, and to go from one to the other there is no chaſm to leap. It is neceſſary then to ſhow the intimate and eſſential relations between theſe two domains of Beauty. When we have diſcovered the connecting bands of natural and ideal Beauty, we ſhall have to inveſtigate ideal Beauty by itſelf, determine its characteriſtics, and obſerve whether there can be *degrees* of it. Two ideal figures being

given, are they the repreſentation of ideal Beauty in the ſame or in different degree? The Saint Cecilia of Dominichino and that of Raphael, is the one more ideal than the other? If the ideal allows of *more* and *leſs*, it is not unchangeable, it is not abſolute. How then can it be diſtinguiſhed from natural Beauty? If on the one hand it is, ſo to ſpeak, inconſtant, and if on the other it is not natural Beauty, what can it be? In a word what is the relation of ideal Beauty to *Subſtance*, to the infinite Being, or God? Firſt we ſhall ſearch out the relation of the ideal to nature, or the laſt term of the finite; then its relation to God, or the laſt term of the infinite. Nature will probably appear to us the ſtarting point of the ideal, and God the Being to whom it tends. God and nature will thus be, as it were, the two worlds between which the ideal will remain ſuſpended: there will be perhaps

only one relation between theſe terms ſo far diſtant from each other: and the two poles of art will be God and nature, the infinite and the finite. When we have diſcuſſed all theſe queſtions, we ſhall have to examine what is the miſſion of art; what definition is to be given of it, and what are the relations between Art and Religion. If art is the power of realizing the ideal, if the ideal is a bridge uniting the finite and the infinite, and religion is a glance from the finite world to the infinite, we begin to ſee already that art ought to have a religious aſpect. We ſhall ſhow moreover that art is compoſed of Reaſon and Love; that by love it is drawn towards the pleaſurable and the happy, and by reaſon towards philoſophy and truth. And we muſt alſo inquire into the nature of enthuſiaſm and of genius, and then finiſh all theſe reſearches by laying down the rules of art, not of any par-

ticular art, but of art in general, viewed not as a collection of arts individual, but as the *principle* of all the arts, or if you will, as that which unfolds the ideal. If we ſhould not obtain a complete ſolution of all the above queſtions, ſtill it will be an uſeful thing to draw attention to theſe ſubjects which occupied the minds of the ancients, and which unfortunately have been too much neglected by modern philoſophers. In France, I do not know that any one wrote a line on the ſubject before André and Diderot. Diderot, whoſe mind was often traverſed by the rays of genius, had neither the method nor the profoundneſs neceſſary to eſtabliſh a theory; the Father André has treated the ſubject with a copiouſneſs which does not exclude exactneſs, he has attempted to go down into the very depths of art, and ſeize the foundation of all Beauty; his work deſerves to be better known.

Quite recently M. Quatremère de Quincy has thrown much light on the ſubject of *imitation;* he has, in my opinion, irrefragably proved that art is not a copyiſt merely, but a creator. Since the time of Winkelmann, Germany has been engaged with the theory of ſculpture eſpecially, and more generally, with art itſelf. Laſtly, England has produced few works on the fine arts; the elegant and ſenſible remarks of her writers are applicable rather to individual art than to a general theory of art.

We now proceed to examine the firſt queſtions we laid down. Is there Beauty in nature? what are its marks? and by what intellectual operations do we arrive at it? When we caſt our eyes over exiſting nature, whether it be over the life that is called human, or that more extenſive, organic life, or even over inanimate nature ſubject only to mechanical laws,

we meet with objects that make us feel pleaſing or painful ſenſations. A form is preſent to your eyes, and at the moment that you know it *is*, you feel an agreeable or a diſagreeable ſenſation. If you are aſked why it pleaſes you, you cannot give a reaſon; if you are told that it diſpleaſes others, you are not ſurpriſed, becauſe you know that ſenſibility is not conſtant, and that it is not neceſſary to diſpute about ſenſations. Up to this point we have not ſtepped into the domain of art, its object is Beauty, and we are but at the agreeable. Now does it not ſometimes happen that a form is not only agreeable to us, but beyond this, that it appears *beautiful* to us? When we were aſked why it was agreeable to us, we could only have anſwered, according to our individual right,—I am the ſole judge of what pleaſes or diſpleaſes me—but when we are aſked why we call this form Beautiful, we appeal to an au-

thority which is not our own, which is impoſed on all men, the authority of reaſon.[1] We allow ourſelves to queſtion the agreeableneſs of an object, becauſe the agreeable is incloſed within the perſonality of each

[1] This ſentence perhaps may appear ſomewhat ſtrange to the reader if he be quite unacquainted with the reſearches of the continental philoſophers, and our own Coleridge, into the meaning and correct uſe of the term Reaſon. M. Couſin, with many others, conſiders Reaſon to be not the perſonal property of any man, but a divine light ſtrictly impersonal: a light "which lighteth every man that "cometh into the world:" the ſeat and ſource of truths above ſenſe: abſolute truth, God, the juſt, the good, the true, &c., are within its province and cognizable by it. Reaſon is the inward eye of man, by which he contemplates and becomes converſant with neceſſary, eternal truth. The views of Kant and his ſchool on this queſtion cannot of courſe be noticed in this place, ſuffice it to ſay, that he diſallows the power aſcribed to Reaſon by others, and affirms the abſolute, "things in themſelves," exiſtence, mind, &c., to be beyond the graſp of Reaſon. Coleridge has clearly ſhewn that the power of Rea-

man, and if one tells us he has rejoiced, or that he is in pain, it never enters into our minds to diſpute his aſſertion, at leaſt we never think of accuſing him of lying. On the other hand when we pronounce an

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ſon to tranſcend the ſphere of the phenomenal, or rather its independence of it, and relation ſolely to the ſuperſenſuous and ultimate,—is a doctrine of our elder Engliſh writers: the "lumen ſiccum" of Lord Bacon, and the "direct aſpect of truth, the "inward beholding" of Hooker being equivalent to that definition of Reaſon which declares it to be "conſcious ſelf-knowledge," and "in all its deci- "ſions to appeal to itſelf as the ground and ſubſtance "of their truth: and to be the power of univerſal "and neceſſary convictions" . . . The difference between Reaſon and Underſtanding is one of kind, the latter can exiſt without the former, as in the caſe of animals; but the former can neither exiſt without, nor manifeſt itſelf but by the latter. See Coleridge, Friend, vol. 1. Landing Place, Eſſay V. Aids to Reflection, vol. 1. pp. 158-177. Vol. 2. Appendix A. &c. Couſin's Theory of Reaſon is ſet forth perhaps the moſt clearly in the preface to the firſt edition of his "Fragment Philoſophiques."

object Beautiful, if any one maintains that it is not, we ſee that he has taken ground in a region open to all, where each has a right of diſputation, and we accuſe our adverſary not of lying but of error. Pain and pleaſure have no reality except in the breaſt of him who feels them; and when we ſay, That pleaſes me, that diſpleaſes me, we judge as individuals, and exhauſt at once all degrees of juriſdiction: but the truth, and that part of it which is called the Beautiful, is not ſhut up in each of us, it is the common country of humanity, where no man is a ſovereign diſpoſer: and when we ſay—That is true, that is Beautiful, it is no longer a perſonal and changing ſentiment we expreſs, but an univerſal judgment, and an objective law impoſed on all men. When I ſay—That is agreeable, I ſpeak but for myſelf. When I ſay—That is true, I ſpeak for all men. Let us take an example, if not in

nature where Beauty is ſhrouded in a miſt, at leaſt in art, where it ſhines forth in the higheſt purity. Standing before the Apollo Belvidere I declare it to be Beautiful; am I not here convinced that I do not utter a perſonal opinion, but the judgment of all the world? I enforce my impreſſion upon no one, but I feel I have a right to impoſe reaſon on all. It is the ſame in the caſe of natural Beauty.

We ought then to recognize in man, phyſical ſenſibility, and Reaſon: and whenever phyſical ſenſibility acts by itſelf, there is no room for diſputation or error; and whenever reaſon in its turn acts by itſelf, it is conſequently the expreſſion of ſomething objective, and therefore univerſal; and if ſenſation and judgment be united, then there exiſts an univerſal and an individual element; we feel as individuals, we judge as humanity does, or in other words, judgment is a faculty without the ſphere of perſonality.

To the queſtion, what are the characteriſtics of the Agreeable and of the Beautiful, we reply that it will be ſhown preſently that unity, proportion, ſimplicity, regularity, grandeur and generality, appear more or leſs in objects that we call Beautiful; and that variety, motion, pliantneſs, energy and individuality, are marks of the agreeable. Thus all that has life pleaſes us, the diſtinct form, the varied movements, the different ſounds are aſpects of the pretty or the agreeable, whoſe light colourings have been achieved by Burke with delicacy and ſkill. The agreeable has two principal marks which produce different effects, and which have received different names—For inſtance, on ſeeing a roſe I feel an agreeable ſenſation, which I call *expanſion:* on ſeeing a ſtormy cloud, with its edges fearfully diſtinct: with its gold and purple tints which ſtreak the deep blue of the ſky, I feel an agree-

able ſenſation mingled with *concentrativeneſs*. Some philoſophers, the chief of whom is Burke, have called the agreeable of the *firſt* kind, by the name of Beauty, and the agreeable of the *ſecond* kind by the name of Sublime: we can only ſee here two kinds of the agreeable: the one delightful, the other ſevere, but both occaſioned by variety and life. Beſides theſe two kinds of pleaſure there is the Beautiful, whoſe primal characteriſtic is unity.

We have then ſettled our firſt enquiry; it is true that we conceive of the Beautiful in nature; that we are not obliged to feel only the agreeable; that the Beautiful and the agreeable have different characters, that the ſecond is an object of individual ſenſation, and is of no value out of the limits of each perſon, and that the firſt belongs to univerſal judgment, to a world above man, to ſovereign reaſon.

CHAPTER III.

WE have ſeen in the laſt chapter, that there is Natural Beauty, that it is diſtinguiſhable from the agreeable; we have diſcovered the marks of each, and the pſychological operations by which we apprehend them. We have now to contend for ideal Beauty, and to conſider in what order the two kinds of Beauty unfold themſelves to our minds.

An academy[1] has offered a prize on the

[1] The third claſs of the Inſtitute: Académie des Inſcriptions et Belles-lettres, in the year 1807.

following queſtion: What were the chief cauſes which produced the great Schools of Sculpture, and Painting, among the Greeks; and by what means can they be reproduced? The ſucceſsful writer, M. Eméric David, maintained that it was by the contemplation and conſtant ſtudy of real forms, by the exact reproduction of natural objects, that the ancients had raiſed the arts to the higheſt degree of perfection; and that therefore imitation alone could help us to reach the Grecian Beauty, the the true expreſſion of life. M. Quatremère de Quincy conteſted this opinion, and affirmed that it was not by the ſtudy of natural forms, but by realizing ideal Beauty, that the Greeks brought thoſe works to light which are not found in nature; he ſhowed that there are two great principles in the arts, the one individual and imitative, the other general, abſtract, abſolute and creative. The firſt

can produce nothing but portraits, the ſecond arrives at the purely Beautiful. M. Eméric David maintained that ideal Beauty is in the model, and the model is in nature; M. Quatremère proved that the model, however beautiful it may be, is always nothing but one of the leſs imperfect of the human ſpecies. Art, according to M. de Quincy, expreſſes the general and the abſolute; according to M. Eméric David, it expreſſes the individual. Theſe two theories can be reconciled, if in the arts we are not ruled entirely by the individual or entirely by the abſolute. Shall we reſign ourſelves to the excluſive contemplation of the individual, or ſhall we view the model as a perfect ideal of which there is not a veſtige in living nature? The queſtion again returns to that of the mathematical circle; my opinion is that we begin at once, at the ſame moment, with the individual and the abſolute. At the

ſight of a natural figure which poſſeſſes ſome rude proportion, the mind, gifted with power to conceive of the abſolute and general, when this figure is preſented to it, conſtructs it into a perfect circle. But man can never realize in *matter* a geometrical circle: he can only produce a natural one, and therefore an imperfect one. It is thus that in the idea of the True, the Beautiful and the Good, there are always two elements blended; the one concrete and particular, the other abſtract and abſolute. As we have already ſaid, there are two kinds of abſtraction: firſt we examine ſeveral individuals; we overlook their differences, that we may attend to their reſemblances; thence we form a kind of collective unity: this operation of the mind may be called comparative abſtraction:[1] ſecondly, by an abſtraction of an-

[1] This term, comparative abſtraction, applies to

other kind; one object being given, without having recourſe to any compariſon, we diſengage from that one object a general and abſolute view-point. I call this operation of the mind, immediate abſtraction. This is true, not only of pure geometry, but of the conception of the Beautiful in the Fine Arts, and of the good in morals. Thus when we witneſs a good action, our mind puts aſide all the particular elements, all the individual circumſtances, in order that it may riſe to the conception of the abſolutely good. Some philoſophers affirm that before we

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the whole proceſs of forming conceptions: it includes the acts of compariſon, which views ſeveral individuals together; of reflection, which ſeeks marks whereby theſe individuals may be combined into a ſingle new repreſentation: and of generalization, which finally forms this ſingle repreſentation, or conception. See Outline of the Laws of Thought, (Pickering's Ed. p. 42.)

form a judgment on the moſt ſimple act, it is neceſſary that we poſſeſs abſolute ideas of Good and Evil; others think it abſurd to place the general and the abſolute at the ſtarting-point of human knowledge, and that the mind muſt begin with the individual. The ſolution of the difficulty is to be found in avoiding the extremes. Every primitive fact, is, at the ſame moment, individual and general. If you ſay that we ſtart with the Abſolute, you place the mind in an incomprehenſible condition; if you ſay that we ſtart with the Individual, we defy you to draw thence the abſolute. It is the ſame in the caſe in which we riſe to the conſideration of the principles of Cauſality: I wiſh to move my arm; I move it; inſtantly I have an immediate perception of cauſe and effect: the Me is the cauſe, the movement is the effect. Nothing can be more individual than theſe two terms—

yet as ſoon as this relation comes under the eye of conſciouſneſs, the two terms diſappear, ſo to ſpeak, and there only remains the relation, cauſe and effect, or the principle of Cauſality, whoſe formula is—Every commencement of exiſtence ſuppoſes a cauſe. It is in this manner we paſs from the individual to the general, from the real to the neceſſary, we paſs by a ſimple and natural operation. There is no individual idea without a general idea, no contingent without an abſolute. Man ſees God only under theſe three forms, the Good, the True and the Beautiful; and he ſees theſe abſolute forms only in the *relative*, in the contingent, in the me, and the not-me.

Ideal Beauty, then, is evolved from real Beauty by an immediate abſtraction which perceives the one in the other. The operation is two-fold; if it were not, we ſhould obtain the individual by itſelf, or

the abſolute by itſelf; that is to ſay, Life without the Ideal, or the Ideal without Life. Art muſt devote itſelf to the production of the Ideal and of Nature equally.

The ideally Beautiful having been diſtinguiſhed from natural Beauty, we aſk, what is Ideal Beauty? The Beautiful is identical with the good and the true: there are not many truths, but one truth. Give me a truth, and I engage to find another more ſublime and vaſt. Give me a good action, and I will find a better one. So is it with ideal Beauty, it remains undetermined, it is a point which is for ever ſhifting, it is ever tending towards the Infinite. Every work of Art, however ideal, is ſtill individual. The Apollo affects certain forms, preſents ſuch or ſuch an attitude: it is *determined*, it is not then in itſelf the ideal: otherwiſe there would be only one kind of the ideal, and then

all ſtatues ought to be caſt in the ſame mould. Every work of Art is therefore only an approximation; the laſt term of the ideal is in the Infinite, is in God. Between the point where human efforts expire, and God, there is a chaſm which cannot be filled up. It is thus with the true, you can never attain the true in itſelf: and it is thus with the good. We have to purify the real, to raiſe it to a lofty height; ſtill the Abſolute Good is more pure and more lofty, and we can never attain unto it. The Infinite is the origin and the foundation of all that is. It reveals itſelf to us in the true, the Beautiful and the good: in deſcending from this ſupreme Exiſtence, we arrive at ſupreme Beauty, which is the leaſt diſtant from the infinite type, yet which is ever afar off; and thence ſtep by ſtep we deſcend to real Beauty: we traverſe a multitude of intermediate ſtages as we

deſcend; we meet art and all degrees of art, the Apollo, the Venus, the Jupiter &c., and lower ſtill, beneath art, nature and all degrees of natural Beauty. Remember, that all theſe different domains touch and penetrate each other, as it were. Beneath the Beautiful you find the agreeable; that is, after objects of judgment, you meet objects of ſenſation. Do not forget, above all, that the Beautiful and the agreeable, though different, may be ſometimes ſimultaneous, and that, in that caſe the judgment and the ſenſation accompany each other.

We can now attempt the definition of Art. Is art employed in the ſervice of phyſical ſenſibility or of reaſon? or, in other words, without changing the nature of the queſtion, does art repreſent the Individual or the Abſolute, the Ideal or the Real, the Infinite or the Finite?—I anſwer, Art repreſents human life in its

totality: now life is compoſed of the inviſible and the viſible, of the infinite and the finite, of judgment and ſenſation. Art therefore ought to propoſe to itſelf two objects: to pleaſe our phyſical ſenſibility, and to ſatisfy our judgment. When art only produces living reality, it is incomplete; if it wiſhes to realize the ideal without life, without real form, its efforts will be in vain. Genius is the vivid and rapid perception of the proportion in which the ideal and the natural ſhould be united. The artiſt deſires to repreſent life, he muſt then devote himſelf to the *determined;* the individual, if he would be a copyiſt: on the other hand, if he would idealize his work, he muſt approach as much as poſſible to the infinite, to unity. The phenomenal and exiſtence divide all ideas: the phenomenal is changing; exiſtence is one, is conſtant. Art, which repreſents unity and variety, repreſents

therefore the phenomenal, and exiſtence alſo. Thus unity and variety are the two chief laws of art.

According to this theory, what method ſhould be followed in teaching the Fine Arts? Should the pupils begin with the ideal or the real, with unity or with variety? M. Quatremère declares in favour of the ideal. For my part, I believe the Greeks ſtarted neither with the ideal nor with the real alone, but with both at the ſame time. Nature *commences* neither with the one nor the other alone; that is, ſhe never brings forth the general without the individual, nor the individual without the general. Why then ſhould not the pupil be taught to ſtruggle with unity and variety at the ſame moment, and to proceed like the Greeks and like Nature?

We have already endeavoured to ſolve the moſt important queſtions concerning the idea of the Beautiful. We have ſeen.

that there is the Beautiful in nature; that ideal beauty differs from natural Beauty; that it is impoſſible to *determine* the ideal; that it is, ſo to ſpeak, a moveable point between nature and the infinite. We have diſcovered how the mind ſeizes real Beauty and ideal Beauty, enfolded, as they are in one another. In every object which reflects more or leſs Beauty, we meet with an individual element and a general element. Every human face is compoſed of a certain number of individual traits, which diſtinguiſh it from all other faces: at the ſame time it preſents general traits, which make us call it, not the phyſiognomy of ſuch or ſuch an individual, but—the Human Face. It is theſe chief lineaments that the pupil in the ſchool of deſign ſhould be taught to trace. We do not mean to ſay that the general or the individual traits of humanity ſhould be the *type* of Beauty, but that beneath each

ſingle figure the mind ſeizes proportion, regularity, unity, or in a word, the Abſolute. Being and Individuality here are, as it were, the two poles of every perceptible object. Being cannot change, for to change it would be to deſtroy it: Individuality, on the contrary, can undergo a number of variations. Subſtituting the terms Subſtance and Phenomena for Being and Individuality, we ſhall get theſe axioms, which we are already well acquainted with. In every object there reſide ſubſtance and phenomena: the firſt conſtitutes the immutable, the ſecond the variable. Everything which exiſts, therefore, partakes of the abſolute; everything which exiſts is not God, but ought to have ſome mark of God. Now how do we arrive at ſubſtance and phenomena; which of the two ideas has its germ firſt in the human mind? neither the one nor the other, but both ſpring up at once:

The mind does not begin with analyſis or with ſyntheſis, if this word ſignifies a recompoſition, an offspring of analyſis,— but with a theſis, as I would call it, a compoſition, or rather a complex fact. This primitive condition is obſcure, confuſed; we cannot diſtinguiſh the two elements of it; obſcurity and complexneſs are ſynonymous words: we muſt decompoſe the complex and bring its elements together again in order to make it clearly intelligible. Now all ſpontaneity is complex, it is conſequently alſo obſcure. Analyſis alone gives birth to light, and analyſis ſuppoſes reflection, which is, as you are aware, the ſecond view-point of the mind. An external object is preſented to us as a compoſite, an union of two elements, ſubſtance and phenomena, the invariable and the variable, the abſolute and the relative. The inward proceſs which is applied to the external object is

equally compoſite. It is made up of judgment and of ſenſation, that is, of reaſon and of love. Such is the ſtarting point of humanity, ſuch is the foundation upon which philoſophy ſhould work. In truth, what is philoſophy? it is ſomething that lightens up, that makes bright: this ſuppoſes a previous darkneſs. The day-light then comes after the night; that is to ſay, philoſophy or reflection takes its riſe from ſpontaneity. Reflection analyzes, divides the parts that it may caſt light upon them, then it brings them together and reunites them as a whole; ſo that complexneſs does not exclude clearneſs. It is in this condition that we diſtinguiſh properly, and contemplate one after another the general and the particular, the abſolute and the relative, the ſubſtantive and the phenomenal; but do not fall into error here, you divide the compoſite, you do not *create* it; you do not *add* one

term to another, you proceed from one to another; both of them coexiſted previouſly. Analyſis then creates nothing, it only diſengages exiſting elements. Analyſis proceeds by abſtraction, and I repeat it, abſtraction is of two kinds:—by the one we run through a ſeries of individuals, ſeparate their common marks, and thus after cloſe attention, attain an abſtract collective idea: this is mediate or comparative abſtraction, mediate becauſe it ariſes from the obſervation of ſeveral objects, comparative becauſe its inſtrument is compariſon. The other kind ſeizes immediately whatever the firſt object it inſpects encloſes of the general, or rather, of the abſolute. And in fact if we find the abſolute in each object, it is not neceſſary to compare ſeveral objects ſucceſſively in order to diſengage an element which we can find equally as well in the firſt as in the laſt. When, therefore, I neglect in

an object whatever is variable, contingent, determined, and fix my attention upon the invariable, the undetermined and the neceſſary, I obtain an abſolute, abſtract and immediate idea; abſolute, becauſe it has nothing individual in it; abſtract, becauſe it has been diſengaged from the folds of individuality; immediate, becauſe a compariſon of a number of objects was not needed, it was diſengaged by glancing at one. Thus we commence with what is complex and finiſh with what is ſimple. In nature, the parts and the whole, the complex and the ſimple, ſounds and harmony, the inſtruments and the concert all are contemporaneous: it is not ſo in the mind of man, where the ſimple comes *after* the complex, becauſe reflection is later than ſpontaneity.

Let us apply theſe remarks to the idea of the Beautiful: firſt, natural Beauty appears to us as compoſed of the individual

and the abſolute; this is complexneſs obſcure, confuſed, indiſtinct. Preſently immediate abſtraction ſeparates the abſolute from the individual, and arrive at a condition pure and ſimple. Thus after having pierced at once through mixed Beauty, we attain pure and true Beauty, and the ideal is diſcovered. At our ſtarting point there is no ideal, but only real Beauty, natural Beauty, Beauty enwrapped in the concrete, hid in complexneſs. As ſoon as abſtraction has diſengaged it, it ſhines forth in all ſimplicity. Ideal Beauty differs from natural Beauty in that the ſecond falls at once under the obſervation of the ſenſes and the mind, whilſt the firſt is never ſeen with the eye and reſides entirely in the purely intellectual conception. Natural Beauty may be *ſeen;* ideal Beauty can only be thought of.

CHAPTER IV.

WE have now accompliſhed a conſiderable part of the taſk we undertook in our inquiries about the idea of Beauty; we have examined what real Beauty and ideal Beauty conſiſt of, and how we paſs from the one to the other; we have pointed out the outward marks of natural and of abſolute Beauty: we have ſeen that to the two-fold character of Beauty, that is, to the abſolute and the individual, to oneneſs, and to variety, there correſpond two internal phenomena, viz. judgment and ſenſation.

We muſt now notice an element of which we have not yet ſpoken. It is intermediate, between the ſenſation and the judgment of the Beautiful, it has to do with the former, becauſe it is a pleaſure, an expanſion, a love; it has to do with the latter, for the judgment always precedes it, and is its immediate cauſe. The element we mean is—the ſentiment of the Beautiful. The *ſenſation* is variable, we pretend not to impoſe it on any one; we leave every man maſter of his own phyſical ſenſibility, juſt as we are maſters of our own: but the ſentiment of the Beautiful, offspring of the judgment, borrows from the judgment its characteriſtic of univerſality. Place yourſelf before any object in nature in which all men recognize the Beautiful, examine the entire phenomenon which takes place in your mind as you look upon it, and ſeek to diſengage its ſeveral elements. It is cer-

tain that you pronounce the object to be Beautiful, and you pronounce your judgment in an abſolute manner; you know that you are not the inventor of that judgment: it is impoſed on you from without: if any one contradicts you, you affirm that he is miſtaken, that you are not now diſcuſſing a fact of perſonal experience, but an *objective* light which illuminates all minds. It is alſo certain that after having decided that the object is Beautiful, you feel the *ſentiment* of the Beautiful; that is, you experience a delicious emotion, and you are drawn towards the object by love. If on the contrary, the object you ſee is the oppoſite of the Beautiful, you pronounce it to be ugly, and you experience the oppoſite ſentiment to the one we have juſt alluded to; from this ſentiment ſprings diſlike, which accompanies every deciſion as to uglineſs, juſt as love accompanies every deciſion as to the Beautiful.

So that Beauty and uglineſs are at the ſame time related to the judgment, and the ſentiment ariſing from it. The judgment and the ſentiment, are the two true and internal elements of the idea of the Beautiful. We have inſiſted that the nature of the judgment partakes of abſolute neceſſity, that it has an objective value; though this is denied by Kant and Fichte: we proceed then, to conſider the nature of the ſentiment which accompanies the judgment of the Beautiful.

Many theories have been brought forward reſpecting the nature of this ſentiment; we ſhall ſpeak firſt of a doctrine which ſprang up in France in the laſt century, and which was adopted, more or leſs, by the diſciples of that philoſophy which gave it birth. According to it, the ſentiment excited in us by the ſight of external Beauty, is a pure ſenſation followed by the deſire of *poſſeſſion*. At the

ſight of an antique vaſe, for inſtance, you feel yourſelf moved by an agreeable ſenſation; you deſire to poſſeſs that work of art, and it is on that account you call it Beautiful. We think the truth is in the very contrary to this opinion, that the ſentiment of the Beautiful is wholly diſintereſted; that, far from its occaſioning the leaſt deſire in us to poſſeſs, to enjoy the object, to make it our own altogether, our ſentiment, ſo to ſpeak, is poiſed upon itſelf, and ſpreads around a kind of veneration that holds the me within the me. So far is the ſentiment of the Beautiful from being the deſire of poſſeſſion, that, wherever deſire ariſes the ſentiment does not exiſt, or it evaniſhes. Take an example, where the deſire of poſſeſſion is moſt fully developed: ſuppoſe you are placed before a table filled with delicious food; the deſire of enjoyment, of poſſeſſion is awakened, but not the ſentiment

of the Beautiful. The desire of possession is a *want* to appropriate the object to ourselves; the sentiment of the Beautiful is not a want; it demands nothing from without; it is satisfied with the existence of the Beautiful. If, instead of thinking of the savour of the food, I regard the arrangement and symmetry of the vases and cups, the sentiment of the Beautiful may be produced, but this will not be a want to appropriate the symmetry to myself. This, perhaps, led Burke to make a remark which he did not see the full compass of, that the property of Beauty is not to excite desire, but to repress it.[1]

[1] On the Sublime and Beautiful, part. iii. sec. 1. This passage especially, "I likewise distinguish love, by which I mean, that satisfaction which arises to the mind upon contemplating anything Beautiful, of whatever nature it may be, from desire or lust, which is an energy of the mind, that hurries us on to the possession of certain objects, that do not affect us as they are Beautiful, but by means altogether different."

In truth, the more Beautiful a woman is, the more as you look on her, is desire displaced by a pure sentiment, a disinterested veneration. Such is the opinion of a true friend of art. If the sight of a beautiful statue awakens in us the desire of possession, let us have nothing to do with the Beautiful; for we are not made to enjoy it, we are not artists; and since the sentiment of the Beautiful is not desire, what should be said of those painters who endeavour to beguile the senses, to exactly copy the real, and to represent such forms as can awaken sensual appetite and the desire of possession? They miss the great end of art: nothing that is an object of desire is Beautiful, and nothing that is Beautiful excites desire. But I pass to a second theory, more specious and more difficult to combat with; because it rests upon an order of sentiments more exalted than the desire of possession.

I ſpeak of the theory which confounds the Beautiful with the pathetic, and refers the ſentiment of the Beautiful to compaſſion and terror. Obſerve, that the queſtion is not whether Beauty cannot awaken feelings of this kind, or whether the ſentiment cannot be accompanied by ſome emotion different from itſelf, but whether the ſentiment has for its peculiar object the pathetic. According to this laſt view, every natural object exciting compaſſion or terror ſhould be called Beautiful. Now, when I meet a miſerable creature, dying of cold and ſorrow, my compaſſion is deeply ſtirred; but ſtill, I do not conſider the ſpectacle before me Beautiful. Even a hideous animal can thrill us with terror, but it is not Beautiful, becauſe it is terrible. If the objects we ſpeak of are not Beautiful by nature, can art, by copying them clothe them with Beauty? If ſo, then nothing could

be more beautiful than the repreſentation of a capital puniſhment. Does it not happen that we are ſometimes more vividly moved with terror and compaſſion by an imperfect drama, than by the moſt perfect achievements at the theatre? and more than this; pity, or terror, in too intenſe a degree ſtifles the ſentiment of the Beautiful. Lucretius has ſaid, that it is not the pleaſure of ſeeing the ſufferings of the ſhipwrecked that conſtitutes the *beauty* of a Shipwreck; do not ſeek it either in compaſſion or in terror, for ſuch feelings draw us away from the ſpectacle; another feeling different, and triumphing over them muſt make us ſtay on the ſeaſhore, this feeling is the pure ſentiment of the Beautiful, cauſed by the grandeur of the ſight, the wide expanſe of water, the majeſtic motion of the ſhip and of the waves. If we think for a moment, that beneath the dreadful billows are hid the

agony and the groan of dying men, we can endure the ſight no longer; the ſentiment of the Beautiful is gone. It is for this reaſon that the dramatic repreſentation of a ſhipwreck is more Beautiful than an actual ſhipwreck, the ſentiment of the Beautiful is not then overborne by terror or compaſſion; theſe may bear it company, but it rules them; it is then a ſentiment altogether peculiar, and the object of it is not the pathetic.

There is a third ſyſtem, which would reduce the Beautiful to the uſeful; there are ſeveral relations between it and the firſt theory. The deſire of poſſeſſion is directed towards an object which is immediately agreeable: the uſeful is an object which becomes agreeable more ſlowly, or which can procure us another agreeable object through itſelf: the uſeful is thus the agreeable *to come*. But the uſeful is, no more than the agreeable, one and the

ſame with the Beautiful. For inſtance, look at a lever, or a pulley; aſſuredly, nothing can be more uſeful; nevertheleſs you are not induced to ſay either is Beautiful.[1] Defeated on this ground, the ad-

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[1] As many objects that are Beautiful, were obſerved to be alſo extremely commodious, and uſeful, and as the ideas of uſe and convenience are naturally pleaſing, it occurred to ſome ingenious perſons, that Beauty might, perhaps, conſiſt altogether in Utility: and that the myſterious pleaſure which we derived from the ſight of it, might be referred to thoſe agreeable recollections, or natural ſympathies which we know to accompany the conception of convenience and comfort..... Many things were eminently uſeful, in which even the Authors of the theory could diſcover no beauty; and many things were indiſputably Beautiful, which could only be connected with utility by the moſt revolting and ludicrous ſtrainings of the imagination. Ploughs, and dunghills, and bank notes were very uſeful; but no one could be perſuaded to think them Beautiful; and people were in raptures with the Beauty of roſe-buds, and ſtatues, and idle young women that were allowed to be of no uſe whatever. Edinburgh Review, No. xxxv.

vocates of the ſyſtem we are ſpeaking of take refuge in *general* unity. If it be not true, ſay they, that an object conſidered as uſeful to you alone, bears on that account the marks of the Beautiful, you cannot however refuſe the name of Beautiful to that which is uſeful to all men. We have remarked that the uſeful does but conduct to the agreeable, now if the agreeable is not the Beautiful even when it is enjoyed by all, why ſhould the uſeful have a higher character? And if the uſeful is not the Beautiful, what ſhould be ſaid of the artiſt who is the ſlave of mere utility? The painter is degraded to the mere decorator, the muſician becomes a mechanic. The true artiſt has but one aim, to awaken the pure ſentiment of the Beautiful.

According to a fourth doctrine, the Beautiful is neither the agreeable, the uſeful, nor the pathetic, but the imitation of all, and of ſomething beſides; that is to ſay,

the copy of all reality; the ſentiment of the Beautiful is thought to be the ſame thing as *illuſion;* thus art is reduced to an illuſion. But then it will contain no more Beauty than nature, and if all that is in nature is not beautiful, you will effect nothing towards the definition of Beauty when you ſay that it is the imitation of the natural. Were you to repreſent on the ſtage the public place at Athens, or the interior of the Roman Senate, were you to ſhew me Brutus, in his very robe, were you to bring back the very dagger the inſtrument of his vengeance; unleſs the character of Brutus is *naturally* Beautiful, it will never be Beautiful on the ſtage. Illuſion then is not the ſentiment of the Beautiful. If I believed that Iphigénie was a young and innocent girl on the point of being ſlain by her father, I ſhould leave the theatre ſhuddering with horror. If I believed that Ariane was a forſaken

lover, in that touching ſcene where ſhe aſks who has torn her Beloved from her, I ſhould reply as that Engliſhman did, when under the influence of illuſion which they had put on him. It is Phèdre! It is Phèdre! If at the moment, the Engliſhman had been queſtioned whether the thing he ſaw was Beautiful; he would have replied that it was wicked; and nothing more. I do not ſay that illuſion cannot accompany the ſentiment of the Beautiful, but I maintain that it does not conſtitute it.

The laſt theory we ſhall examine, is that which confounds the Beautiful with religion and morals, and conſequently, the ſentiment of the Beautiful with moral and religious ſentiments: according to this theory, the end of art is to make us better men, and to lift up our hearts to heaven. That this may be one of the reſults of art, I do not queſtion, ſince

Beauty, like goodneſs, is one of the forms of the infinite, and to raiſe us to the ideal, is to raiſe us to the Infinite, or to God. But I affirm the form of Beauty to be diſtinct from the form of Goodneſs; and if art produces moral perfectneſs, it does not endeavour after it, nor does it ſet that perfectneſs before it as its end. The Beautiful in nature, and in art, has no relation more ultimate than itſelf: thus, at a concert, on hearing a lofty and beautiful ſymphony, is the ſentiment I experience a moral or religious one? I ſeize the ideal, which is concealed beneath the number and variety of ſounds that ſtrike my ear; it is this ideal that I call Beautiful: but in this aſpect, it is neither virtue nor piety. We do not ſay, that the pure and diſintereſted ſentiment of the Beautiful cannot be a noble ally of the moral and religious feelings, and that it cannot awaken them; but it muſt not

be confounded with them. The Beautiful excites an internal ſentiment, one diſtinct and ſpecial and ſelf-dependent. Art is no more the *ſervant* of religion and of morals than of the agreeable and of the uſeful; it is not an inſtrument, itſelf is its right end: do not ſuppoſe I degrade it when I ſay it ought not to be the ſervant of religion, I exalt it, on the contrary, to the heights of religion and morals.

The defence we offer in favour of Art can be made in favour of religion and morals; ſome perſons have wiſhed both to be given as inſtruments, as means; and the end they have aſſigned them is intereſt or utility. Religion, they ſay, is neceſſary for the ſecurity of the ſtate. Nothing can be more immoral, more atheiſtical than ſuch a doctrine. Religion and morals are the higheſt themes, they muſt not be the ſervants of any but themſelves; certainly not of intereſt or utility. Let

religion, morals, and arts exiſt ſupremely for themſelves. The good and the holy cannot be the road to the uſeful, nor to the Beautiful; and the Beautiful is not the path to the uſeful, the good or the holy; it conducts ſimply to itſelf. Recall what we have ſaid about the three forms of the Infinite and you will perceive how Art is honoured in our theory. God manifeſts himſelf under three forms acceſſible to our weakneſs; under the idea of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, theſe three ideas are children of the ſame parent and are equal in rank. All three are contemporaneous in the human mind, even as they are in the Eternal Mind: not one of them ſhould be made the ſlave of the other. It has been ſaid that the Greeks conſidered poetry as a political expedient: when in the theatre they extolled the heroiſm of their anceſtors, they were induced, it is ſaid, to imitate their example. We admit

this, but the patriotiſm awakened by art was only the accidental, mediate creation of art. The poet had firſt of all been ſtirred by the ſentiment of the Beautiful. In all the arts it is juſt as in poetry. Painting, ſculpture, muſic can concur in producing moral ſentiment, but before this they cauſe a ſpecial ſentiment (that of the Beautiful) becauſe the idea of Beauty is one irreducible to any other. Morals and religion can make the fine arts their companions, but there is a great difference between mutual aſſiſtance and mutual creation, or what is more, between mutual aſſiſtance and identification.

The ſentiment of the Beautiful then, excited by the preſence of any object whether natural or artificial, is pure and diveſted of every foreign idea; it is referable neither to the agreeable, the pathetic, the uſeful, nor to imitation, to religion, or morals. Art ſhould have only one

aim, the ſentiment of the Beautiful. It can have relation to morals only as it draws us towards the infinite, of which it is a manifeſtation; for God is the ſource of all Beauty, as He is of all religion. Thus the loftieſt aim of art is to arouſe the ſentiment of the infinite.

CHAPTER V.

WE have attempted to ſhow that the ſentiment of the Beautiful is a diſtinct and ſpecial one, we ſhall now point out in what way it is blended with the imagination, that complex phenomenon of which it is the moſt important element. But firſt we will return for a few moments to the diſtinction between the ſentiment of the Beautiful and the deſire of poſſeſſion with which the former has ſo often been confounded.

In order that the ſentiment of the Beau-

tiful may be pure and diſintereſted, the Beautiful muſt not be the agreeable or the uſeful. It has been ſhewn that if it were the agreeable, then everything agreeable would be alſo beautiful; but this is not the caſe. Deſire of poſſeſſion is often excited in us by objects which reaſon rejects from the rank of Beauty; and if an object does excite the deſire of poſſeſſion it is never by its Beauty. The ſentiment of the Beautiful and the deſire of poſſeſſion are antagoniſtic to each other. And this applies not only to natural objects but to works of art; if by faithful *imitation* they awaken deſire of poſſeſſion they loſe their entire Beauty.

We admit, that phyſical ſenſibility can be united with moral ſenſibility; that is to ſay, the ſame object will arouſe by one of its aſpects the ſentiment of the Beautiful, and by another an agreeable ſenſation. Thus, a man in the preſence of female

beauty, rarely experiences a ſentiment wholly pure and ſimple. But, let the artiſt reproduce, and as it were, ennoble this Beauty, and it may, poſſibly, ſtill occaſion a mixture of ſentiment and ſenſation in ſome few; but the ſenſation will be far more ſeldom felt in the preſence of works of art, and if it is at all developed, it diſtreſſes and enfeebles the ſentiment of the Beautiful.

In reference to the uſeful, we have ſaid that it ought to procure the agreeable for us by and bye; or that it is a kind of agreeableneſs, the enjoyment of which is perhaps leſs lively, but the loſs of which occaſions us more pain than that of a more immediate and delightful agreeableneſs. The uſeful is not then always the agreeable more or leſs diſguiſed: and to prove that the Beautiful is not the agreeable, is to prove that it is not the uſeful. But without any analyſis of the uſeful,

we might take up the queſtion, as we did with the agreeable, and aſk, if every uſeful object is beautiful, adding this enquiry —Is every beautiful object uſeful? We have ſhown that there are numbers of things which are uſeful, but not beautiful alſo; the mechanical inſtruments have ſupplied us with the moſt convincing examples. Now, is every beautiful object marked with the character of utility? I do not deny, that the Beautiful may ſometimes be both beautiful and uſeful; but I affirm, that Beauty is perceived independently of utility. Thus, order and ſymmetry are beautiful, and they are alſo uſeful, becauſe they economize ſpace; or, becauſe objects diſpoſed ſymmetrically are found and ſeen more eaſily, when they are wanted: but, nevertheleſs, I will not allow that we muſt return to the *uſefulneſs* of ſymmetry, in order to declare it to be beautiful; we apprehend its beauty

immediately, and its uſefulneſs afterwards. Thus the Beautiful is immediate, the uſeful is not. It repeatedly happens, that after ſaying a thing is beautiful, we do not perceive the uſefulneſs of it, although it really is uſeful. The ſentiment of the Beautiful then, even when accompanied by the idea of utility, is anterior to it and to the deſire which that idea awakens in us: but there are numbers of inſtances where the Beautiful is altogether deſtitute of uſefulneſs, and where, conſequently, the ſentiment of Beauty is ſolitary and pure.

The theory which refers the Beautiful to utility corrupts the taſte, and gives a tendency to the artiſt dangerous to art and to imagination. To aſk, what is the uſe of the Beautiful, is to be inſenſible to Beauty. A man ceaſes to be an artiſt when he devotes his pencil, his chiſel, or his lyre to any other purpoſe than the production of the Beautiful. So that,

although Beauty can avail men otherwiſe than by unfolding within them a pure ſentiment, the true artiſt never propoſes any other end beſide this ſentiment. The picture, the work of an hiſtorical painter may produce a moral effect uſeful to ſociety: but the painter thinks ſupremely of the beauty of his work as a painting; he has no ulterior aim, any more than the landſcape painter: both ſeek to tranſmit to the beholder the delicious and diſintereſted feeling with which they are penetrated.

The ſentiment of the Beautiful is, in fine, an entirely diſtinct phenomenon, arouſed by the abſolute judgment which enables us to conceive of the Beautiful; this judgment perceives the Beautiful, but does not cauſe it to be: Beauty is ſhut up neither in matter nor in mind, it is one of the forms of the infinite revealed to us by the viſible, itſelf inviſible. The

ſentiment unfolded by judgment, is entirely unſelfiſh, and at a certain degree of intenſity may be named love pure, ſince it has nothing to do with the deſire of poſſeſſion: it is quite diſtinct from ſenſation which often precedes, or accompanies it, or follows it.

Having placed the ſentiment of the Beautiful between the rational judgment which determines it, and the fact of phyſical ſenſibility which occaſionally ſerves as its eſcort, but with which it is never confounded; let us purſue it, as we ſaid at firſt, in the complex phenomenon of the imagination, in whoſe boſom it reſts unnoticed, although it is the mightieſt help and moſt precious element of that very imagination.

The human mind developes itſelf in a ſeries, whoſe ſecond term is memory: when ſenſation, and judgment, and ſentiment have been awakened in me on the

occaſion of any external object, they can reproduce themſelves even in the abſence of that object; and the Me ſubmits paſſively to this reproduction. The phenomenon of paſſive memory is two-fold: not only do I recall that I have been in the preſence of a certain object, which gives me the idea of the Paſt, but I alſo retrace that object with all its details: the remembrance then becomes an image. In this latter caſe the memory has been called by ſome Philoſophers, the imaginative memory; the propriety of this term we do not examine here, we only affirm that memory as a faculty reproducing images, is confined within the limits of paſſivity. This paſſive involuntary memory, called imaginative memory, is regarded as the firſt element of Imagination.

We paſs to a ſecond; the will, it is ſaid, concerns itſelf with images furniſhed by the paſſive memory. It ſelects different

traits which it aſſociates and combines: this complete, voluntary abſtraction is called Imagination. But, is imagination only this? the man who has the faculty of recalling all the images of the paſt, and who joins to this memory a voluntary abſtraction, a power of chooſing from among the materials of experience, —is he endowed with the creative faculty? We think *not*. They who think that he is, ſeem to omit one of the prime elements of imagination; we allude to the Judgment and the Sentiment of the Beautiful, the pure love which appears in the work of the Intelligence and the memory, and gives warmth and life to both. We have not imagination merely in order to remember, to abſtract, and to combine; otherwiſe, the cold Geometrician who paſſes from deduction to deduction, from theorem to theorem, may take the name of Artiſt. When my memory inſtinctively

recalls objects with their forms; or when, by the force of my will, I evoke them; when, these images having been evoked, I abstract them and associate them again—in all this, I see nothing but memory and reason. Now, is it with reason and memory only, that a Michael Angelo, or a Raphael is made? Would it have been sufficient for Corneille to have recalled historic facts, and combined them with skill in order to compose Les Horaces? Independently of a great memory, and a powerful reason, these wonderful men possessed enthusiasm, love; not the vulgar love to which physical sensibility gives birth, but that pure and disinterested love which we call, the Sentiment of the Beautiful.

We perceive now, that imagination is a more complicated phenomenon than some philosophers think; and we have discovered what is the principal and fruit-

ful element of it. Men are pretty equal as to memory, and reaſon, and will; they are, however, very different as to the power of imagination; ſome remain cold in the preſence of objects, cold in thought, cold in abſtraction and combinations, whilſt others are warmly excited at the preſence of Beauty, and preſerve during the play of memory and the voluntary combination of images the ſame vivacity of emotion, the ſame warmth of ſentiment. Thus the imagination is the aſſociation of *Sentiment* with the other faculties of the mind: it is love combined with memory, and reaſon, and will. Take away ſentiment, and all becomes cold and inanimate; let it reveal itſelf, and everything catches its warmth, its colours, its life. If any one aſks, what is the element which, next to the ſentiment of the Beautiful, plays the principal part in the imagination? we reply—it is Reaſon; without it, in fact,

the ſentiment is uſeleſs; all the productions of art are falſe and fantaſtical; juſt as when reaſon alone is in exerciſe, the productions of the Artiſt have the coldneſs of Logic and Geometry. The different theories of the imagination are as excluſive as thoſe which refer to any other part of metaphyſics; they can be comprehended under two principal ones. The firſt reduces imagination to pure phyſical ſenſibility: to ſenſation, taken as the foundation of all the intellectual powers. The ſecond recognizes nothing but reaſon as the eſſential element of imagination. We will eſtimate each of theſe views; admit for a moment, the ſolution each propoſes, purſue under all its forms the element out of which each attempts to conſtruct imagination, and ſee whether it really produces imagination. We will then try to diſcover, whether the union of the two elements, ſenſation and reaſon is the true theory.

Imagination, which refers in language to the word image, ſeems accordingly to attach itſelf to that claſs of ideas which repreſents phyſical objects. It would be then, ſimply the reproduction, more or leſs faithful, of ſenſible repreſentations, or at the moſt, the abſtraction and the combination of thoſe images; if we merely wiſh to keep to the natural meaning of the word, and do not ſeek to determine the nature of our powers by inward obſervations which ſet us free from the trammels of common language.

But pſychology ought not to endeavour to explain imagination by the meaning that is uſually attached to the term: it ſhould not paſs from the term to the idea, but from the idea to the term. If it were contented with conſulting dictionaries, the diſcuſſion on this ſubject might be eaſily terminated: image, we might ſay, is the ſenſible repreſentation of a phyſical ob-

ject, of ſuch a colour, form and ſize: to imagine, is to ſeize the repreſentations either when they are before us or when they are not in our preſence; ſuch is imagination,—and pſychology might exult in ſuch a grammatical and puerile explanation. But in truth, would all be ſettled? The muſician who combines ſounds, who creates melodies and harmonies, has not he alſo imagination? The power of recalling ſounds to the mind, of ſelecting out of the numbers which are preſent to it, of rejecting ſome, of ſeizing others, of combining thoſe choſen; is not this the power of imagination, and yet is the ſound an image? If the poet is declared to be endowed with imagination when he retraces natural images, ſhall we deny that he poſſeſſes it when he retraces ſentiments, when, inſtead of appealing to phyſical ſenſibility he puts *moral* ſenſibility in play? But, beſides images and ſen-

timents, the poet employs the lofty thoughts of juſtice, truth, infinity, in a word, pure and abſolute ideas; and in this caſe would you rob him of his imagination? We do not affirm that the theory we combat is wrongfully founded, if it relies on mere *language*, but language, to be worth anything, muſt be ſimply the reflection of thought. Now, if human thought attributes imagination to every kind of aſſociation of ſentiments, and of ideas, then thought is arrayed againſt language, and by conſequence againſt the ſyſtem we attack. Philoſophers of the ſenſational ſchool have written pages about the imagination, which cannot ſatisfy the mind if it does not put every thought into the forms of common language. According to this ſchool, this is the origin and proceſs of the imagination: in the preſence of a phyſical object I experience a ſenſation; this ſenſation is preſerved

when the object is removed, and is called memory: from time to time a part of the memory grows weak, whilſt another part retains its ſtrength; this condition of it is abſtraction, which is therefore only ſenſation become partial. Now, with the part of the ſenſation retained, let there be aſſociated other images and thoughts, that is to ſay, if the theory be conſiſtent, other fragments of ſenſation; and we thus obtain imagination.[1] So that, imagination is explained by aſſociation, aſſociation by memory, and memory by ſenſation: nothing can be more clear than this ſyſtem, but in return nothing can be more falſe.

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[1] We might have ſuppoſed, that nearly every one would have allowed ſenſation to be but very remotely connected with imagination; from whoſe inſtantaneous, far-darting glance into what is unknown, rather than into what is ſeen and felt, one would refer the origin of imagination to the ſuper ſenſuous.

Firſt of all, it takes no account of the will, which is a prime element in abſtraction; the one phenomenon therefore of voluntary memory deſtroys this ſyſtem utterly. It takes no notice alſo of reaſon, which preſides over the abſtraction of voluntary memory. This ſyſtem then, muſt lead to a reaction which would exclude all ſenſibility from the breaſt of imagination, and would endeavour to reduce this faculty to reaſon and will alone. Other philoſophers have explained imagination by abſtraction and aſſociation: to abſtract and to aſſociate, is to make uſe of reaſon, whoſe office is to aſcend from the parts to the whole, and to deſcend from the whole to the parts; to paſs from the phenomenal to the ſubſtantive; from variety to unity; from the finite to the infinite. Now we have before aſked, whether the man who has more reaſon than another, has on that account more

imagination. In a poem, or in a ſymphony, is there nothing but *rational* combination, a calculation of cauſe and effect? certainly there is: imagination is neither ſenſation nor reaſon taken excluſively.[1]

But in uniting theſe two, ſhall we form a more complete theory? Phyſical ſenſibility, as you know, limits itſelf to the deſire of poſſeſſion: now let Reaſon ſeize upon this deſire, let it vary the objects of it, multiply them, combine them, ſtill I affirm it will never arrive thus at imagination. Queſtion the artiſt as to what paſſes in his mind, when he produces a

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[1] Not that imagination offends reaſon: its perception of the relations of things is correct, and complete, though rapid. The true poet whoſe eye

. . . . " in a fine frenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,"

ſtill ſees truly, and bodies forth no form that is revolting to reaſon.

great work: he will reply, that he abſtracts, that he combines, works not only on images, but alſo on ſentiments and pure ideas; in conſequence, he puts phyſical ſenſibility and reaſon into action, but he will add that, independently of this rational conception, and theſe phyſical ſenſations which have been the occaſion of the development of reaſon, he experiences a *ſpecial* ſentiment, awakened by the idea of the Beautiful; a ſentiment diſengaged from all deſire, elevating and giving warmth to his ſoul. Buffon has ſaid, in ſpeaking of eloquence, that paſſionate men are not orators; he was right, for he was ſpeaking of phyſical paſſions. He will never be an artiſt who allows himſelf to be aſtoniſhed, diſturbed, diſtreſſed at the ſight of a material object; if the phyſical emotions enter as elements into his work, upon ſeeing it *we* muſt feel the ſame ſenſations. But do the productions of art

excite in us love and deſire for the phyſical objects which can be expreſſed in the work? Does not the imagination of the true artiſt ſearch beneath nature, for the abſolute idea of Beauty which is found hid there; and the end of his labour, is it not to unfold in the mind of the ſpectator the ſentiment of Beauty which he himſelf poſſeſſes? The artiſt ſees only Beauty, where the ſenſual man finds only what is ſeductive or what is dreadful. When M. de Sauſſure aſcended the Alps, his guides jeſted when they ſaw him ſeek out ſcenes which appeared to them ſimply terrifying or uſeleſs. In a ſhip beaten about by a tempeſt, while the paſſengers were trembling at the billows, and the lightning which menaced them, the artiſt would be free of every phyſical emotion and would cling to the maſt, that he might contemplate the ſtorm; but if he partook of the general terror, the *artiſt* would

diſappear and leave only the man. Phyſical ſenſibility chokes the ſentiment of the Beautiful. Love pure, love diſintereſted is the chief element, the true foundation of the imagination. We agree, undoubtedly, that phyſical ſenſibility is neceſſary, as the *occaſion* for the development of imagination; but there muſt be united with it reaſon and will, in order to evoke, combine and abſtract ſentiments, images and ideas; and pure love at laſt muſt unite with reaſon and will, to give warmth and vitality to the compoſition. Thus reaſon, will, and love are the three elements of imagination; and of theſe three, which is predominant? If you take away reaſon, there remain will and love, which can produce imagination indeed, but extravagant and full of fantaſtic dreams. If you diſengage pure love, there remain reaſon and will, which can give you geometricians, but not ar-

tiſts. We muſt therefore unite the three elements: perhaps the will is the moſt indiſpenſable, for we have ſeen that, in combination with ſentiment and reaſon, it produces a work of art; while reaſon and ſentiment left to themſelves, remain for ever paſſive, and produce nothing: but on the other hand, it is not ſufficient to will; there muſt be power, the will muſt not be deprived of its inſtruments. Who has drawn out the plan of a poem? It is reaſon. Who has given it life and charm? It is love. Who has directed reaſon and love? It is the will. You ſee then how difficult it is to diſcern the ſuperiority of one of theſe elements over another: to produce the Beautiful, the will muſt work with love according to the rules of reaſon.

CHAPTER VI.

WE have finiſhed the polemical part of our lectures on the idea of Beauty; we have removed certain theories that obſtruct the path of ſcience, and prepared the way which can conduct to a perfect doctrine. The internal elements which belong to the idea of Beauty are reaſon and love, voluntarily developed on the occaſion of phyſical ſenſibility. Previouſly to the ſenſible impreſſion, there is no idea, no germ, no ſentiment in the mind. If no object were to cauſe an impreſſion

on our organs, we could never conceive of Beauty. Thus the *condition* of the idea of Beauty, as ſeized by reaſon, is a phyſical ſenſation, or an intuition of the ſenſes.

There are three different combinations of intuition and reaſon; the term intuition is not applied here ſolely to the organ of viſion, but to the exerciſe of all the organs: Thus the ſenſible intuition of an object is the ſupreme *condition* of all that we can know or conceive about the object. The particular uſe of intuition is to apprehend the variable; the eye, the ear attend merely to certain particular things and not to things as a whole: the ſenſes have to do with diverſity, not with totality. The total is not for the ſenſes but for the mind. Memory will reproduce the intuition to no purpoſe; ſince intuition only gives the variable; memory will not enable us to arrive at unity. By what faculty then can we obtain inviſible unity? By reaſon.

The firſt connection that exiſts between reaſon and intuition is that, while the intuition ſeizes variety, reaſon obtains unity, and thus peace and harmony are eſtabliſhed in the human mind.

There is another proportion between intuition and reaſon. There are objects whoſe variable traits ſtrike our ſenſes, but whoſe unity eſcapes our reaſon; in this caſe there is on the one hand the pleaſure of laying hold on variety, and on the other hand, the diſpleaſure ariſing from our inability to graſp unity. Laſtly, there is a third hypotheſis. Reaſon will apprehend unity in an object, while intuition will be able to embrace only a *part* of the variable. Thus, for example, reaſon will conceive of ſpace abſolute and infinite, but intuition cannot follow her; the ſenſes are embarraſſed at the idea of all the ſpaces contained in the infinity of ſpace. Reaſon reaches to the conception of infinite time,

but intuition and memory linger behind, and are dazzled, and blinded. So then intuition can be overborne by reaſon; the ſoul will experience a high joy at the triumph of the latter, and a kind of ſorrow at the defeat of the former.

We perceive that the relation between intuition and reaſon is two-fold: there is agreement; and ſometimes there is diſagreement; agreement, when intuition and reaſon advance equally and together, or when both conceive their object; diſagreement, when reaſon cannot keep pace with intuition, or when intuition cannot ſoar to the height of reaſon. If agreement exiſts, the pleaſure connected with the exerciſe of intuition is redoubled in the pleaſure of reaſon, and has a higher and purer character. The man who has contemplated a beautiful ſtatue, and diſtinctly embraced all its parts, and has apprehended its wholeneſs and unity, knows

how philoſophy would be troubled in trying to deſcribe the delightful pleaſure he experienced. When intuition alone is ſatisfied, there is only an *agreeable* ſenſation, ſtifled by the diſpleaſure of reaſon, which is unable to graſp unity; and imagination cannot riſe to the conception of Beauty. When on the contrary we arrive at unity, and intuition cannot comprehend all the variety incloſed in the object, the Beauty we perceive, and which occaſions a diſpleaſure in our ſenſible organization, and at the ſame moment a delight in our mind, has been called the *ſublime*.[1] But when the parts of an object are not ſufficiently various and numerous as not to be comprehended, and when at the ſame time

[1] It is ſo much the cuſtom in general converſation to confound the Beautiful with the Sublime, and perſons, for the moſt part, when they reflect on the ſubject, are ſo apt not to perceive that the Sublime differs from the Beautiful in *kind* as well as in degree,

the whole can be eaſily ſeized, and we feel a perfect accord between the various and unity, between the ſenſes and reaſon, we ſtay and regard the ſpectacle with delicious emotion, and this is the *beautiful* properly ſo called. We determine the nature of Beauty, and of ſublimity à priori, or as it were, mathematically. It now remains for us to confirm theſe purely rational diſtinctions by examples.

Imagine yourſelf in the preſence of two different objects; they poſſeſs form and motion, that is, they are different phyſical objects, for form and motion are the two general characteriſtics of matter. Now, obſerve whether two diſtinct phenomena do not take place in your conſciouſneſs,

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that we are induced to make a table of the principal points of contraſt between the two ſentiments. The nature of the volume permits this to be done, while the valuable remarks of writers on the Sublime, render more than this unneceſſary. See Appendix B.

according to the form or to the motion that you are regarding. Do you experience the ſame impreſſion at the ſight of a flower and at the ſight of an inacceſſible rock at whoſe baſe the ocean rolls? Conſider a form, containing ſome variety, and whoſe parts are ſufficiently numerous to prevent monotony, yet few enough to be eaſily graſped; and then regard the infinite region of darkneſs and ſilence; do you experience the ſame kind of emotion? Does a ſoft grateful light affect you like a fierce one which makes you ſhade your eyes?

If after the ſtudy of Burke and Kant, and the contemplation of phyſical objects you remain ſtill in doubt about the reality of this double impreſſion, your doubts will vaniſh when you paſs into the domain of moral phenomena. I aſk you if the ſlave who quietly weeps over his bondage, and the hero who gives his blood for his coun-

try produce the ſame impreſſion on you? Do you feel the ſame emotion when a man opens his purſe to the indigent, and when he offers hoſpitality to his perſonal foe and ſends him away loaded with gifts?

And laſtly, place yourſelf in the preſence of facts purely intellectual: It ſeems at the firſt approach that the impreſſion will be not all, or but very little felt; however, you will be able to diſcover the two diſtinct impreſſions we ſpeak of. Select a light poem in which the ſenſes and the reaſon find themſelves agreeably amuſed and ſatisfied, in which the images are brilliant, the thoughts well choſen, the ſtyle delicate; for inſtance, an ode of Anacreon or of Horace: then read thoſe wonderful Indian poems, in which the perſonages are ſymbolic divinities, whoſe parts are various, whoſe attributes are numberleſs, whoſe characters are ever changing and myſterious; poems in which the ſtory is carried on

from one work to another, which ſeem written or rather ſung at the ſame time, which require each other as though they were at once ſimultaneous and ſucceſſive, and which often exceed two hundred thouſand verſes; read theſe, and compare the feelings they excite with thoſe which the odes of Horace occaſion. Take one more example; contemplate a writer who with a light hand attempts an analyſis of thought, and who, in a few lines gives a ſketch, more or leſs faithful, of the mind; on the other ſide, contemplate a philoſopher who brings with him a long ſeries of principles and conſequences, who exhibits immenſe labour in arriving at the moſt minute and exact analyſis of each of our faculties, and who bends beneath the weight of the infinite details of his work; contemplate Condillac and Ariſtotle, and examine your impreſſions. If you glance over the inſtances we have adduced you will ſee that

one kind advances with reaſon, and the faculty of repreſentation in equal motion; and that the other kind does not permit itſelf to form that harmony to which the human mind aſpires. On the one hand, there is found the Beautiful; on the other, the Sublime—on the one hand, ſoft and pleaſing emotion, felicity; on the other, a mixture of pleaſure and pain; a triumph and a defeat; a complex ſtate in fact, which is at once delightful and painful.

The intellectual life is both unity and diverſity—diverſity, becauſe it is complex, and becauſe it exhibits many faculties at once; unity, becauſe all theſe faculties have one common ſource, aſpiring after an equal development, and tending to one common end. Each faculty taken alone, being an eſſentially active force, whoſe law is, to unfold itſelf as much as poſſible; the free exerciſe of it is a pleaſure, and every oppoſition to its ac-

tivity is painful. If we conſider intellectual life in its unity, we ſhall find that independently of the pleaſure connected with the ſpecial development of each faculty, there is another, the reſult of an equal unfolding of all the ſpiritual forces, juſt as there is a diſpleaſure attending their unequal development. The pleaſure of harmonious development may be called felicity; the diſpleaſure ariſing from diſcordant development may be called ſuffering or pain. There may be felicity when the faculties have play in a narrow ſphere, if their development is harmonious: and there may be ſuffering when one of theſe faculties attains a wonderful expanſion and progreſs if the others are left in the rear. Imagine a phyſical ſenſibility ſo fruitful and vivid that reaſon could not keep pace with it, or a lofty reaſon which attained to truths ſo high that ſenſibility, weak and ineffectual, was overwhelmed by them; in

the two caſes the man is unhappy. The reaſon and intuition have each their diſtinct pleaſure, but although there is pleaſure for each of theſe powers when their exerciſe is free, when this is not the caſe there is ſuffering. It cannot be denied that intuition, in the preſence of certain ſenſible objects, eaſily comprehends their different parts, the forms, the colours, &c. at the ſame time that reaſon takes account of their unity, their fundamental idea. Now here is harmony, though not perfect harmony, for that is an ideal condition to which we cannot attain, but the harmony we mean procures the greater felicity for us the nearer it approaches perfection. No one will affirm that reaſon does not often ſoar far beyond and above the faculty we poſſeſs of picturing things to our minds: for example, ſhe conceives of ſpace, aſſerts its exiſtence, and that it exiſted before created objects, that it never had a commencement and will never have a termi-

nation; the repreſentative faculty is developed at the ſame moment, it would follow reaſon but it cannot reach unto it. In vain it tires itſelf in trying to ſet forth numberleſs ſpaces, never is it able to fill up the abyſs of infinite ſpace. At other times this faculty is in advance of reaſon; when we meditate on the nature of God, does it not happen that we conceive of, in ſpite of ourſelves, forms, images, colours which obſtruct the path of reaſon rather than keep it open and clear. Whether the repreſentation cannot follow reaſon, or whether reaſon is left behind by it, there is diſcordance, and the man is unhappy. But in the former caſe, his diſpleaſure is overbalanced by the joy he feels at the triumph of his reaſon. It is when it produces this diſharmony that the Beautiful is called the *ſublime;* and it is when reaſon and the repreſentation are in harmony that the object preſerves the name of Beautiful.

CHAPTER VII.

WE have ſeen that Beauty is diviſible into two kinds, and that each of theſe is reflected by phyſical, moral and intellectual nature, thus giving apparently ſix different ſpecies of Beauty. We ſhall now endeavour to unite all theſe manifeſtations of Beauty together, and diſcover whether there is not a Beauty, ſimple and univerſal, unfolding itſelf in different ſpheres. There is beauty in viſible forms, in ſentiments, actions, ideas. Is the beauty of form the ſame as that of ideas and ſentiments? or has each Beauty its diſtinct

eſſence? This queſtion has been brought forward by Plotinus. What is Beauty? he aſks. I ſee a beautiful form, I behold an action which has the ſame quality. What is the eſſence of this Beauty, allotted equally to two objects ſo different? What identity is there between the phyſical and the moral, and how can they repreſent Beauty? Let us mark the vaſt importance of this enquiry: if it be not ſettled the theory of the Beautiful muſt be a labyrinth with no outlet; the artiſt will not know whether he ought to yield himſelf up to one Beauty, ever the ſame under various manifeſtations, or whether he ought to divide his attention and his powers among a number of Beauties eſſentially different. Before ſhowing how this queſtion ſhould be decided let us point out the conſequences of the two ſolutions which the problem is capable of. Do you maintain that Beauty is of different kinds?

How then do you explain the connexion between intellectual and phyſical Beauty; the ſecret union which permits them to appear in the ſame work of art without affecting the oneneſs of it. If the artiſt can only bring together the different kinds of Beauty by a fruitleſs and factitious union, art is an impoſtor, ſince it holds together thoſe things which exiſt ſeparate in nature. Farther, what is the foundation of this factitious union? how does the artiſt conceive of it and transfer it to his works? in other words, how is it that unity is an eſſential law of art, if nature, which itſelf is beautiful, exhibits to us nothing but Beauties irreducible to unity? Allow, on the other hand that the three kinds of Beauty are but one in reality, and the unity of art is no longer factitious, but real; it will become a juſt and natural rule, a reality, but a reality adorned by the ideal. Now it is this laſt ſolution

that we adopt; the Beautiful and the Sublime are but the ſhadowings of the Beauty unfolded in the phyſical, the moral and the intellectual world. Phyſical Beauty, or the beauty of form and motion is only the reflection of that moral and intellectual Beauty which we may embrace under the term ſpiritual or immaterial Beauty. Thus all Beauty in my opinion reſolves itſelf into ſpiritual Beauty; it is in this inward and hidden region that the ſecret unity of all kinds of Beauty repoſes. Let us confirm this opinion by paſſing through the different domains of Beauty.

Place yourſelf before the ſtatue of Apollo, and obſerve attentively what ſtrikes you in this maſter-piece. Winkelmann,—who was not a metaphyſician, but an artiſt who was gifted with the higheſt genius, and who underſtood the procedure of art,—Winkelmann has made an analyſis of the Apollo. It is intereſting to ſtudy this

analyſis, and perceive by it how phyſical is blended with ſpiritual Beauty. That which firſt of all ſtruck Winkelmann was the character of nobleneſs, pride and divinity impreſſed upon every line of the ſtatue. The forehead is that of Jove, whence ſprang the Goddeſs of Wiſdom; it is unchangeably calm; indignation ſwells the noſtrils; ſcorn reſts upon the lips; the attitude of the body, the arms and feet, all proclaim the vanquiſher of Python. The tranquil, and diſdainful joy felt in triumphing over a contemptible enemy, the delight of victory, the ſlight effort that victory has coſt, theſe ſhone forth upon the eyes of Winkelmann from the glorious ſtatue. The analyſis of this artiſt is a hymn to ſpiritual Beauty, but ſtrange to ſay, he has not perceived it:[1]

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[1] This opinion concerning Winkelmann, is partly in agreement with that of Schelling, when he ſays,

he has not ſeen that all that Beauty, whoſe traits he has collected with ſuch affection, is but the manifeſtation of an internal Beauty; that it was incorporeal Beauty which ſhone through its veil: in a word, that the Beauty of the Apollo

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" Who dare ſay, that Winkelmann knew not the " higheſt Beauty? but it appears with him in its " diſſevered elements: on the one ſide, Beauty of " conception which flows from the ſoul; and on the " other, as Beauty of form. But what active, effec- " tive link binds the two together, or by what " energy are the ſoul and body together, made as it " were at once, in one breath? If this is not in " the power of art, as it is in that of nature, it can " indeed create nothing. This living ſyntheſis, " Winkelmann did not point out: he did not teach " how the form ſhould be begotten of the concep- " tion."—The Relation between the Plaſtic Arts and Nature.

M. Couſin does not ſeem to allow that Winkelmann taught " that the production of the ideal, and " a nature more elevated than the actual, with intel- " lectual expreſſion, was the higheſt aim of art." This, however, is the opinion of Schelling.

Belvidere can be ſummed up in the word, Expreſſion.

Let us paſs now from a cold, and inanimate ſtatue to a living, real man: we ſhall find that the phyſical can be beautiful only on the condition, that it be ſubſervient to moral Beauty. Suppoſe a man is entreated to ſacrifice his duty to his fortune, and refuſes: you admire his pure mindedneſs, the inward ſpiritual Beauty; but if at this moment his countenance ſeems marked with Beauty, if his attitude is noble, is it not becauſe the interior breathes, as it were, through the outward; and, is there a ſingle trait in his figure that appears beautiful to you, under any other name than expreſſion? The face of this man perhaps in other circumſtances would ſeem common, and even unmeaning: but here, lit up by the ſoul which it ſhews forth, it is effulgent with the ſigns of morality, and therefore of Beauty. So

the form of Socrates, without the mind which animates it, is vulgar, ugly, and quite out of place among the Grecian models: this figure becomes ſublime when the philoſopher in his dungeon converſes with his diſciples on the immortality of the ſoul, when he forgives the gaoler who offers him the hemlock, when he prepares calmly to die. Do not, however, be deceived; it is not the outline of matter, in regard to pure ſurface and form, that receives the impreſs of ſublimity: it is matter vivid, alive, that is, expreſſive matter, matter exhibiting mind throwing aſide its enſhrouding veil. At the higheſt point of moral ſublimity to which Socrates attains, he dies: you ſee only his corpſe; the dead figure preſerves for a time all its beauty, becauſe it preſerves the traces of the ſoul which animated it; but by degrees the lines alter and grow faint; the expreſſion departs

and vaniſhes; the figure has again become vulgar and ugly. The expreſſion of death is hideous and ſublime: hideous, when we ſee but the decompoſition of matter; ſublime, when it awakens in us the idea of eternity, or the idea of nothingneſs, that other kind of infinity.

Look only at the figure of a man in repoſe, and ſee whether it is not more beautiful than that of an animal; and whether the figure of an animal is not more beautiful than the form of an inanimate object. It is becauſe the human figure even in the abſence of development and of genius, ſtill reflects a moral and intelligent nature: it is becauſe the figure of an animal can reflect paſſion, but not morality; and it is becauſe the inanimate form delineates neither ſenſibility nor reaſon: if this laſt does become *expreſſive* in its turn, it is raiſed to the rank of the Beautiful.

The inward alone is beautiful: there is no Beauty except that which is inviſible; and if Beauty were not diſcovered to the eye, or at leaſt ſuggeſted, ſketched, as it were, by viſible forms, it would not exiſt for man. It makes itſelf known by ſenſible traits, whoſe entire Beauty is merely the reflection of ſpiritual Beauty. It is then only by *expreſſion* that nature is beautiful, and it is the variety of intellectual and moral characteriſtics, reflected by matter, that determines the different kinds of Beauty. The figure of man is of a grave and ſevere Beauty, becauſe it announces dignity and power; the figure of women is of a delicate beauty, becauſe it reflects kindneſs, tenderneſs and grace. In each ſex the Beauty will be different only according as the expreſſion differs. To the examples taken from human nature, may be added thoſe which animality, the nature between man and the mineral ſup-

plies. It might be ſhewn, that the face of an animal is beautiful in proportion to its expreſſiveneſs; thus the lion is the moſt beautiful of animals, becauſe its figure declares it to be king and maſter, becauſe all its movements ſuggeſt ſtrength and boldneſs. If we deſcend from nature purely phyſical, to inorganic and inanimate, even there we ſtill find Beauty, becauſe we ſtill find the expreſſion of intelligence. Metaphyſics teaches us that all which exiſts is alive, that the ſoul of nature ſhines through the thickeſt concealment. Phyſical obſervation brings us to a ſimilar concluſion: thoſe bodies called inorganic are ſubject to laws, and where there is law there is intelligence. Chemical analyſis does not conduct to a nature cold and lifeleſs, but to a nature full of vitality, to internal laws as worthy of admiration as thoſe external ones diſcovered by natural philoſophy. But without

being philoſophers we may contemplate nature in ingenuous ignorance, and give ourſelves up to the impreſſions it excites: we have ſaid that both in men and in animals the figure is beautiful by expreſſion, by the ſhining forth of inward, moral Beauty: now, in the preſence of the grand ſcenes of nature, at the foot of the Alps, or the ſummit of Etna at day-break, or nightfall, are you not filled with a ſenſe of theſe awful ſpectacles, and do you not experience a ſort of moral reaction? Does not the light of the ſun too manifeſt intelligence. Is it not created for a purpoſe? Do not the planets preſerve among themſelves an intelligent harmony? Do all theſe wonderful objects appear ſimply for the purpoſe of being viſible, or does an intelligence direct the courſes of the ſtars, and make them all concur in one great end? I affirm, that the face of nature is expreſſive like the

face of man. If the form of a woman appears beautiful becauſe it is the reflection of gentleneſs and kindneſs, is it not an expreſſion of beneficence and of grandeur which conſtitutes the beauty of the ſunlight?

Let us go over theſe examples briefly: the figure of man, when he performs a good or a bad action is beautiful or ugly, by the reflection of the internal, the hidden. When man is in a ſtate of repoſe, his figure ſtill wears the beauty peculiar to his ſpecies, becauſe it reflects a moral and intellectual nature. The figure of an animal borrows its beauty from the ſentiments or the paſſions it expreſſes. Laſtly, in the face of nature even, in appearance dead and inanimate, are found the ſigns of life moral and intellectual; and here we may apply the name of Beauty. Natural philoſophy and chemiſtry are beautiful to the philoſo-

pher and the chemiſt, becauſe they pierce into the ſecrets of Supreme Intelligence. All is ſymbolic in nature: form is not form only, it is the form of ſomething, it unfolds ſomething inward. Beauty, then, is expreſſion; art is the ſeeking after expreſſion. We have reſolved the queſtion about the unity of Beauty. The Beautiful is one: it is moral or intellectual beauty, that is ſpiritual beauty, which, diſplaying itſelf by viſible forms, conſtitutes phyſical beauty,[1] and ſpiritual beauty: it is truth itſelf, it is Being, the Eternal, the In-

[1] The reader who is acquainted with Aliſon's work on Taſte, muſt perceive how different that author's opinions reſpecting the beauty of natural forms are, from thoſe explained here. With him it is the forms themſelves that are beautiful, and their beauty is beſtowed on them by the arbitrary aſſociations we connect them with. In *this* treatiſe it is the ſimple abſolute idea of the Beautiful, which irradiates the various forms in nature, and is unfolded by them.

finite; if the True manifeſts itſelf in human actions, it becomes moral truth, holineſs, juſtice, in a word the Good: if it pervades individuals in order to communicate to them harmony and life, it is the Beautiful whether ſpiritual or phyſical. The True, the Good and the Beautiful are then intimately united, and penetrate each other in the unity of their being: that which is good is beautiful, that which is beautiful is good, that which is beautiful and good is true. God is the metaphyſical ſubſtance of theſe three; in other words, the Good, the Beautiful and the True, conceived of in the unity of their eſſence, is God. But God is impenetrable: reaſon cannot approach his nature; it is needful that He make himſelf known by a medium acceſſible and intelligible. That medium is the idea of the good, the true and the beautiful, the λόγος of Plato. Reaſon conceives of the exiſtence of truth

abſolute, and of unity abſolute; while ſhe leaves it to its impenetrable immenſity, and contemplates it in the forms adapted to the human mind, in truth, beauty, and goodneſs; in a word, in the λόγος which is the manifeſtation of God himſelf. The unity of Beauty therefore is ſimply the unity of goodneſs and truth. The Beautiful is *one*, as moral and intellectual, as truth and goodneſs: it is different, by the forms, motions, and actions which ſerve to diſplay it. There are three claſſes of ſymbols: Firſt, purely phyſical nature, the leaſt expreſſive of all: ſecondly, animal nature, which divides ſenſibility with man: thirdly, human nature, gifted with intelligence and morality. Diſengage the Beautiful from its natural forms, and you diſcover ideal Beauty; if you ſeek to realize this ideal you arrive at art; if you believe that forms, however pure they may be, debaſe the Beautiful, you elevate your

mind to abſolute ideas; you approach towards God. It is in theſe ſucceſſive paſſages from God to nature, and from nature to God, in theſe imperceptible gradations of Beauty, from abſolute being to changing and contingent phenomena, that the ſecret of the difference and the unity of Beauty is hid: and thus the embarraſſment of Plotinus is relieved, who could not reconcile his emotions of admiration in the preſence of different orders of Beauty.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE enquiry into the nature of Beauty naturally conducts to an inveſtigation of art, that is, of the faculties which combine for the appreciation or for the production of the Beautiful: we have already ſpoken of the imagination; it appears under two forms, taſte and genius, the one appreciates, the other freely produces the Beautiful. The diſtinction which has been noticed between nature and art, that is, between real and ideal Beauty is the ſame which ſeparates taſte from genius. Art is nature deſtroyed and

re-conſtructed: genius is taſte no longer the appreciator of natural beauty, but the creator of beauty ideal and ſuperior to the former. Three eſſential elements make up taſte, as in the caſe of imagination, of which it is the firſt form: firſt, ſenſible intuition, or the faculty of repreſentation: ſecondly, reaſon, which in the preſence of phyſical objects or moral or intellectual, perceives their fundamental identity or unity: thirdly, the judgment and the ſentiment of the Beautiful, the one diſcovering and the other admiring the moral idea conveyed in the unity and variety of the object. Let us take an illuſtration: a wide ſea is ſpread before us: the repreſentative faculty detaches certain parts of it, and regards the various in the ſpectacle; but for reaſon there is nothing but the general idea of the ſea, or the unity of the object. When we have graſped the different parts and the whole, is all com-

pleted? There remains in the object a moral aſpect which is not for the eye or for the reaſon, but for the judgment and the ſentiment of the Beautiful. Place yourſelf before an object either of art or of nature, and you will not perceive its beauty, if you have only ſeized unity and variety, and if you have not ſeen in its form the ſymbols and expreſſions of ſomething living, intellectual, moral. Thus, as in nature there is variety, unity and ſomething moral, ſo in man there is the repreſentative faculty, reaſon and the ſentiment of the Beautiful, three elements, whoſe combination is taſte.

From this analyſis it is evident that the higheſt culture that taſte can receive is the culture of the ſentiment of the Beautiful. Evermore muſt it ſtrive to ſhatter the material envelope that it may reach moral Beauty; then nothing can be more frivolous than that rhetoric and that poetry

which purſue the form alone without regarding even what the form hides, which labour at lifeleſs traits without piercing to that living Beauty they conceal. Poetry, ſtatuary, all the arts, have three grand principles; the firſt two have reference to the unity and the variety of the work, every one recognizes them: but the third principle, which ſtands at the moral ſide of art is forgotten or unknown, and yet it is from this ſource that art draws its life. Phyſical nature is but a ſhrine, thereinto our ſouls muſt enter to behold a ſoul. Matter as it is thought of by the vulgar, does not exiſt: it is uſually regarded as an inert maſs, without organization and without law; now it is penetrated by a ſpirit which ſuſtains and rules it: it is the viſible reflection of an inviſible ſpirit: the ſame Being who lives in us, lives in it; Eſt Deus in nobis, eſt Deus in rebus. The ſpirit of man is brought into contact

with the ſpirit of nature: thus Beauty in its eſſence is moral, and the primal element of taſte is the ſentiment of this Beauty.

Now, what is the diſtinction between taſte and genius, the ſecond form of the imagination? Taſte appreciates: it is the moral in humanity in the preſence of the moral in nature: it decides whether the natural ſymbol is in accordance with the moral idea; genius does more than this, it creates. Genius contains the ſame elements as taſte, but in a higher degree: Genius, by reaſon apprehends unity more thoroughly: by the faculty of repreſentation it retraces more vividly the different parts of an object: laſtly, by the ſentiment or love it not only diſtinguiſhes the moral idea, it reveres it, aſpires to this ideal, which it detaches as much as poſſible from nature: it etherealizes the forms of matter, and takes away all that can obſtruct the

idea. Taſte repoſes tranquilly in the contemplation of the Beautiful in nature; Genius rends and reconſtructs nature, in order to make it more like the idea.[1] But here an objection ariſes: is genius,

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[1] "Genius," ſays Coleridge, "is the faculty which "adds to the exiſting ſtock of power and knowledge "by new views, new combinations; by diſcoveries "not accidental but anticipated, or reſulting from "anticipation. In ſhort, I define Genius as origi- "nality in intellectual conſtruction: the moral ac- "companiment and actuating principle of which "conſiſts, perhaps, in the carrying on of the freſh- "neſs and feelings of childhood into the powers of "manhood."—The Friend, vol. iii. eſſay 1.

We may add the remark, though it is trite enough, that he is a man of true genius, who, ſteadily contemplating and firmly believing in Ideal Perfection, labours with invincible conſtancy, with a noble agony to attain it. Perhaps the higheſt kind of genius is that in which, not one, but all the powers of the man have a native ſpring and vigour far beyond the uſual ſtandard; and in which each is in wholeſome adjuſtment with the other, and all combine to achieve what the man would do.

it will be aſked, ſuperior to nature? All is good that proceeds from the hands of the Creator; every thing degenerates in the hands of man. If man ſurpaſſes nature, man is ſuperior to God. See the explanation of this myſtery: if God in creating nature had intended to manifeſt his omnipotence, humanity would never have aſpired to ſur paſs or even to equal nature. But ſuch was not the deſign of God, it was not his power that he wiſhed to ſhow, but his will, and he determined to ſhew it by ſymbols.[2] If humanity is ſuperior to na-

[2] The theology of this paſſage ſhould not be quite unnoticed, though a diſcuſſion of it would be out of place here. We believe that God has exiſted from eternity as His own end; that He is abſolutely ſelf-ſufficient, and that *conſequently* He is all-ſufficient. It was in order to manifeſt His all-ſufficiency, His glory, that God created the heavens and the earth. The conſtitution of the beings to whom the manifeſtation is made, requires it to be *progreſſive*, ſo that they may trace gradually the great proceſs. Now,

ture it is becauſe God has willed it, becauſe He has given man liberty. Genius is the nobleſt quality in our nature: Genius deſtroys nature while it reveres it, and then reſtores it more pure and more like the moral idea graven upon it by the hand of God: thus the marks of genius are deſtruction and creation. Taſte is a fa-

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mentally living back, ſo to ſpeak, to the period before the creative fiat went forth, and attempting to know what was the order of Divine Manifeſtation, we are warranted in concluding, that Power was the earlieſt diſplay of God's Nature: that is to ſay, the aſpect of Deity firſt exhibited to intelligent creatures was a perfection; the ſimpleſt, and the firſt we can conceive of, viz. power. The act which made known this power, moſt ſurely did alſo involve and incloſe the other attributes of God, thereafter to be brought to light. See, The Pre-Adamite Earth, Ed. Ward and Co.—a work, in which this ſubject is profoundly inveſtigated. To ſay that God created nature that He might thus ſhow His will, ſeems unintelligible, we ſhould prefer ſaying that Creation proceeds *from* the will of the Creator, and affirms it.

culty indolent and paſſive: genius is proud and free. The artiſt in deſtroying and improving matter advances toward the end of art, which is the triumph of human over phyſical nature: to elevate the real to the ideal is the miſſion of art; here then the ridiculous attempts of thoſe who would make art a ſcience or a trade are overthrown. Science knows and art produces: art renounces itſelf if it is content with theories; it loſes its luſtre when it deſires to become a pure philoſophy; it muſt preſerve its freedom, and be no one's ſervant except its own. On the other hand if art is not a ſcience inaſmuch as it is creative, it is alſo not a trade inaſmuch as it produces the ideal. Although art may be free it muſt not aim ultimately at anything beſides moral Beauty; it is free only in its *modes* of expreſſion. Thus the artiſt who, ſeriouſly regarding nature, ſhould be ſatisfied to copy it faithfully,

would fall from the rank of an artiſt to that of a mechanic. I ſee that this portrait very exactly repreſents ſuch a perſon, but there is no ideal there, the work is not by an artiſt. This deciſion condemns the whole ſchool of painting, of ſculpture or of muſic, which does not conceive of nature as ſymbolic, and which does not conſecrate art to the diſcovery of ſymbols the moſt pure and the moſt expreſſive of moral ideas. If art has for its great purpoſe the picturing forth of moral beauty, the reſult is that it excites in other minds the ſentiment of the Beautiful, which the artiſt poſſeſſes. So that at the ſame time that it is in the higheſt degree ſymbolic, it is alſo ſympathetic. The ideal and ſympathy are the ſupreme laws of art: do not therefore ſpare the ſchool which is unable to produce the ideal, or to occaſion in other minds that ſentiment which the true artiſt feels himſelf inſpired with.

We perceive how many conditions are put upon the artiſt, and we ſhould be diſmayed at them if we did not know the number of qualities that Cicero demands for an orator. It is not only neceſſary that the artiſt cultivate his reaſon, his repreſentative faculty and his ſentiment of the Beautiful, he is alſo bound not to neglect the material procedure of his art. In fact he ought not only to contemplate Beauty, but to expreſs it objectively, as it were to materialize it: let him not forſake the form for the idea, but above all let him not be wholly ſhut up to the form. He ſhould purſue chiefly the moral aſpect of his art; if the artiſt is not abſolutely required to be a good man, as the orator of Cicero, at leaſt he muſt feel profoundly the intellectual and moral idea concealed beneath phyſical nature, as well as beneath human nature. The artiſt in handling matter makes it give forth the ſpiritual,

whether he employs words, ſounds, lines or colours. Words are the matter of the poet, as ſounds are of the muſician, as lines are of the architect and of the ſtatuary, and as colours are the matter of the painter. We may ſay to artiſts: learn the material procedure of your art; but recollect that this ſtudy will be fruitleſs if you do not cheriſh within you the ſentiment of the Beautiful. In vain do you mix colours, do you combine ſounds, do you arrange lines, if you do not make them *expreſs* ſomething. If you do not know how to work with matter you can never unfold your ideas; and if you cannot attain to the ideal you will never outdo nature. Form and idea, the phyſical and the moral, the real and the ideal are the two aſpects of art, are the two poles which the artiſt ſhould touch.

CHAPTER IX.

WE have ſaid, that art is the free repreſentation of the Beautiful; that genius is taſte put into action, and that taſte compriſes three elements which correſpond to the three elements of the Beautiful. Let us glance again at theſe propoſitions: firſt, in order that an object may be beautiful it muſt expreſs an idea; ſecond, it muſt preſent unity which manifeſts the idea; third, it muſt be compoſed of different, and determined parts; in other words, the three conditions of Beauty are, the moral idea, unity

and variety. The mind poſſeſſes three phenomena correſponding to theſe. The mind muſt ſeize the idea encloſed in the object; perceive the unity under which the idea is reflected, and the different parts held together by unity: thus the three conditions of taſte are, the ſentiment of the Beautiful, reaſon, and the repreſentative faculty. But theſe faculties may remain unfruitful; they receive, and do not give back: to form genius, they muſt be awakened to the higheſt energy. Taſte appreciates the idea, and unity, and variety; genius produces theſe two latter, and beneath them, the firſt. The moſt important element in the Beautiful is the moral idea; unity and variety ſhould be impreſſed with it, and ſerve only to exhibit it; conſequently, the moſt important element in taſte, and in genius, is the ſentiment of moral beauty. That which is internal in man, can alone perceive the

internal in nature. It is my ſoul that feels the ſoul of the univerſe.

In the works of an Alexandrian philoſopher there is a chapter entitled, Beautiful men as the only judges of beauty:[1] nothing appears more ſtrange than this at firſt, but nothing is more true when we reflect on it. Mind is the only judge of mind: the Beautiful is enveloped in forms, without being conſtituted by them, we muſt diſengage it; the Beautiful is ſimply moral beauty, an idea, a ſentiment: man then is beautiful, that is to ſay, he who has within him, conſtantly or at any given moment, the idea or ſentiment graven upon nature; he who can perceive the Beautiful; in a word, he who can diſcover in the external ſymbol the idea with which he is filled, is beautiful. Whenever we apprehend Beauty from

[1] Plotinus, Enn. 1, lib. vi. C. D. Fic. 4.

without, it is becauſe we have it already within us: it is by the moral part of our nature alone that we can bring ourſelves in contact with the moral in nature. This is what Plotinus intended by the ſingular remark, Beautiful men are the only judges of Beauty. But it is not enough that man ſhould carry moral beauty within him; he muſt be endowed with a faculty which can perceive this beauty. No one expects to find inanimate beings, or even animals, judges of beauty: the animal is beautiful, but it can neithe rperceive nor appreciate the Beautiful. Although it may, like nature, poſſeſs moral beauty, there can be no ſympathy between it and nature; becauſe, however much theſe may reſemble each other, they cannot recognize the reſemblance. Man alone perceives in himſelf moral beauty, as he does in nature, in animals, and in his fellow creature; and this is the reaſon why he can

ſympathize with them. To underſtand the ſympathy of humanity, we muſt riſe to the conception of abſolute truth, to the one univerſal Being, to God. God is the foundation of truth, beauty and goodneſs: the Abſolute, who is reflected wholly in all his manifeſtations, or in ordinary language, in all his creation. The Deity is both in nature and in man; and here is found the explanation of man's ſympathy with nature.

We muſt not affirm, then, with a certain ſchool that man is a pure receptivity, touched by the Beautiful in nature, and not gifted with the idea of beauty. This theory has its origin in the writings of Locke, and Condillac. If man were not himſelf a moral creature, how could he conceive of the moral in external nature? If he had not an intelligence, how could he diſcover thoſe laws which govern the earth? Man is not at his birth a *tabula*

raſa,[1] upon which the univerſe is to engrave the beauty of external objects. This beauty would be unknown to man, as it is to nature, if man were not endowed with a moral faculty, which apprehends the Beautiful in himſelf as well as in the objective univerſe.

The ſchool of Kant takes the oppoſite extreme to that of Locke, and has thought that in nature there is nothing true, no-

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[1] This is the well-known expreſſion of Leibnitz, who "admitted innate truths, which he explained to be cognitions not actually, but only virtually exiſtent in the mind anterior to experience; by which they are occaſioned, excited, regiſtered, exemplified, and manifeſted, but not properly cauſed or contributed, or their infallibility and eternal certainty demonſtrated .... Theſe truths are conſequently given 'as natural habitudes, that is, diſpoſitions, aptitudes, performances, active and paſſive, which render the intellect more than a mere tabula raſa.'"—Supplementary Diſſertation A, Sec. vi. p. 785, in Sir William Hamilton's Edit. of Reid's Works.

thing beautiful, nothing good, if man does not find theſe in his own ſoul, and realize them objectively in an arbitrary manner; ſo that the German philoſopher has made the outward to proceed from the inward; the univerſe from the ſoul; the not-me from the me: while the Engliſh philoſopher has produced the inward from the outward; man, from nature; the me from the not-me.[1] Such are the two banks which the ſtream of philoſophy flows between. The human mind, the veritable exiſtence of man is profoundly engaged and involved in this enquiry. If

[1] The moſt complete and concluſive argument for the veracity of the facts of conſcioufneſs, is to be found in the Supplementary Diſſertation (Note A) of Sir W. Hamilton, in his edition of Reid's Works: the reality of an external world, as a fact of perception given in conſcioufneſs, is vindicated there thoroughly: reaſoning in ſtrict accordance with the maxims laid down by him in p. 747. Sir William juſtifies our belief in the not-me. "If aſked," he

the mind is merely a reflection of nature, then man is not ſimply the ſtudent, but the production of nature, he is juſt what nature makes him. On the other hand, if nature is but an induction of thought, it is nothing more than what we make it, a phantom which we are at liberty to annihilate. Theſe two excluſive opinions muſt be brought in conteſt with each other without injuring whatever of truth they may contain. I believe that truth is neither the child of nature nor of man: truth exiſts by itſelf, but it is found in me as well as in nature: thus nature, is under

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ſays, " how we know that this object is not a mere mode of mind, illuſively preſented to us as a mode of matter, then indeed we muſt reply, that we do not in propriety *know* that what we are compelled to perceive as not-ſelf, is not a perception of ſelf; and that we can only on reflection *believe* ſuch to be the caſe, in reliance on the original neceſſity of ſo believing, impoſed on us by our nature;

Quæ niſi ſit veri, ratio quoque falſa ſit omnis.

certain laws, and I ſubmit to laws which correſpond to thoſe laws which govern the univerſe: there is truth then, there is the abſolute in nature and in man, although the abſolute does not depend on either; for inſtance, mathematics is wholly independent of nature and of man, yet we find in theſe latter all the truths which compoſe mathematics, the relation of numbers can be recognized in man: man is an unity and he is alſo a diverſity: he can compute his affections, and he can apprehend the unity of his being: ſo alſo unity and diverſity are found in nature. Pythagoras had conceived the ſcheme of reducing all the ſciences to mathematics; he encloſed within this ſcience not only aſtronomy but even religion, morals and politics. His attempt has been reſumed in our times: M. Herbart the ſucceſſor of Kant in the chair of philoſophy at Koenigſberg has publiſhed writings in which he endeavours

to form an alliance between pſychology and mathematics. M. Wagner propoſes to publiſh a work on all the departments of our knowledge and therein ſubject them to the ſcience of calculation. We know that Condillac, diſſatisfied with human knowledge, in which he found no ſufficient exactneſs, determined to conſtruct an encyclopedia of knowledge, in which he intended to make mathematics the baſis of knowledge; he accompliſhed a part of his plan in his work entitled, La Langue des Calculs. As there are no phenomena without ſubſtance, all diverſity ſuppoſes unity; and pſychological and phyſical laws, which are nothing but phenomena, contain ſomething that is abſolute. Thus after two or three thouſand years, humanity, in its choiceſt ſpirits has returned to the Greek philoſophy, and verily never were the grand problems of philoſophy ſtudied with greater thoughtfulneſs and ability than in Greece.

Only thoſe philoſophers who ſtrive to attain a point of reſt, fixed, immoveable, immotum quid et inconcuſſum, who aſpire to ſeize the abſolute, ſhould follow Plato rather than Pythagoras. Plato, whilſt he has arrived at the abſolute, has alſo taken notice of the contingent and the variable. he has not ſhut up the abſolute in one idea alone, but has embraced it in all its fulneſs.

Let us admit then that the Beautiful like the true hovers over nature and over man and that neither nature nor man are the baſis of the abſolute. If the Beautiful is entirely ſubjective, if it depends on man, there is no longer Beauty in nature, and nothing is more variable than the Beautiful. And if the Beautiful is wholely objective, if it depends on nature, there is no beauty in man: but if on the contrary, the Beautiful is abſolute and is found in humanity and in nature, it is not ſurpriſing that man ſhould ſympathize with nature,

that he ſhould appreciate and in a ſenſe produce the Beautiful.

The moral idea is the capital element of the Beautiful: the ideal differs from the real in that it more nearly approaches the moral idea. In everything there is the general and the particular, unity and variety: two objects and two objects make four objects, here is a truth, but diſengage the unity from the variety and you will have, two and two make four, that is, the moſt pure form of the ideal, which is then that which moſt perfectly reflects the idea encloſed in the object; the real is the particular, that which ſtrikes the ſenſes. The aim of art is to arrive at the ideal, to purify the various and unity ſo that they may cauſe the moral idea to ſhine forth with higheſt brilliancy. This brings us to the fundamental rule, that expreſſion is the ſupreme law of art. All art that expreſſes nothing is not art. The ſecond

law of art is compoſition, or the employment of material means in order to produce expreſſion. I do not include anything in compoſition which has not this end in view. If, for inſtance, I had to paint the figure of a woman who has juſt given birth to an infant I ſhould diſpoſe every line of her body, every attitude in ſuch a manner as to expreſs the joy and ſadneſs which filled her ſoul: I ſhould make everything which ſurrounded her concur in the ſame unity of expreſſion: I ſhould ſee in all the attendant circumſtances, as in her, merely ſymbolic forms, hieroglyphic ſigns given me that I might make the moral idea ſhine forth above all, the idea of which ſhe is the manifeſtation. We perceive from this illuſtration the vaſt importance of compoſition. But if the painter is content with mere light and ſhade, with ſuch an arrangement of lines as will pleaſe the eye only, compoſition

then becomes the deſtruction of art. Expreſſion, the unfolding of the moral idea, muſt be the exalted aim of the artiſt.

We may attempt a claſſification of the arts according to this grand law of expreſſion, they may be arranged according to other principles, but without any ſatisfactory reſult. Abiding by the opinion that pleaſure is that which conſtitutes art, ſome have raiſed a hierarchy of the arts at the head of which is placed muſic; and truly muſic is that one of the arts which ſeems to occaſion the moſt vivid emotion of pleaſure. The barbarians who inundated our capital in 1814 remained unmoved by the beautiful ſculpture and architecture, but they liſtened with delight to the melodies of our lyric theatre. Another definition of art has given another claſſification, the peculiar duty of art, ſay ſome, is to be eminently clear and intelligible, and on this account the firſt rank is to be aſſigned

to painting, than which nothing can be more intelligible. Does it not expreſs the form and viſible actions, nay, the moſt ſecret feelings of the ſoul? At the ſight of the beautiful picture which repreſents the ſleep of Agamemnon, who can be miſtaken about the paſſions of Clytemneſtra? It is in this way that muſic and painting have by turns been raiſed to the higheſt rank accordingly as clearneſs and pleaſure have been made the chief aim of art. But we have ſeen that the Beautiful is not *ſynonymous* with the agreeable, and that in conſequence pleaſure is not the ſentiment of the Beautiful: pleaſure therefore is not the baſis of the hierarchy of art: on the other hand it is not ſufficient that a form be eaſily ſeized by the eye in in order for it to be beautiful, it muſt alſo be expreſſive. We are thus always brought back to expreſſion as the firſt principle of art. That art which is the moſt expreſ-

ſive muſt be placed in the higheſt rank. Now that art which ſeems to me the beſt reflection of univerſal beauty, which reproduces it under all forms and in every manner, is poetry. This is art ſupremely, it exhibits the Beautiful, as it were, both definitely and vaguely, both in a limited and in an abſolute manner. Two or three words are enough to excite the profoundeſt emotions in the ſoul. Let not the painter delude himſelf; he knows well, without avowing it, that poetry ſoars above all the other arts, and when he deſires to honour a picture and place it above others, he declares that there is true poetry in it. The painter has colours, the ſtatuary and the architect have lines, the muſician has ſounds, but the poet has words. The word is at once viſible and inviſible, material and immaterial. What ideas, what feelings do not the words "My country" awaken in us! what things do not theſe

brief but mighty words recall to the mind. God; let a painter attempt to repreſent God and my country, and ſee if he will produce ſuch deep and vivid emotions. Words are the moſt vaſt and intelligible ſymbols, they are as definite as lines and colours, but a thouſand times more comprehenſive: they are the moſt ſimple and the moſt fruitful manifeſtation of the abſolute. Burke underſtood this well, and an admirable chapter on the myſterious power of words is to be found at the end of his work.[1]

As we do not allow utility to be an end for the fine arts to ſtrive after, for art muſt have no maſter but itſelf, and aim only at

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[1] Eſpecially in Sec. vii. part 5, where he obſerves, that it is by words we have the power to make combinations, ſuch as cannot poſſibly be effected otherwiſe; and thus to give a new life and force to ſimple objects. This makes poetry a higher art than painting: in the latter, remarks Burke, "We may

the expreſſion of Beauty, I take eloquence away from the liſt of the arts. It has perſuaſion for its end, the protection of him whoſe intereſts it has taken in hand. If it only endeavoured to pleaſe it might be regarded as an art. But eloquence, is it, and ought it to be an amuſement? The unhappy man over whom impends a capital charge, would he conſider eloquence a recreation, a means of purely and ſimply unfolding the Beautiful? Philoſophy alſo is not ranked among the arts: it aims at inſtruction: if a philoſopher is occupied with merely pleaſing us, with expreſſing the Beautiful, he is an artiſt, but he ceaſes to be a philoſopher. The

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" repreſent any fine figure we pleaſe, but we can " never give it thoſe enlivening touches which it " may receive from words. To repreſent an angel " in a picture, you can only draw a beautiful young " man winged: but what painting can furniſh out " any thing ſo grand as the addition of one word, " ' the angel of the Lord?'"

ſame happens in hiſtory; the chief end of hiſtory ſhould be to teach generations yet to come, and to help them to profit by the errors of generations gone: it does not paint for the ſake of painting, but for the ſake of teaching. Having rejected eloquence, philoſophy and hiſtory, which like poetry employ words but for a uſeful end, which of the arts ought we to place in the ſecond rank? in other words, what is the moſt expreſſive form next to words? It is muſic. Under a definite form, muſic next to language is the expreſſion which debaſes in the leaſt degree the univerſal and infinite idea which we call the Beautiful.

What lively emotion does not muſic cauſe? It changes in an inſtant the ſentiments of our hearts, it can lead us from ſadneſs to joy, from joy to ſadneſs, and by its vagueneſs even opens mighty ſcope for the play of imagination. Without doubt the effects of muſic are ſometimes like

thoſe of eloquence; it plucks the weapons out of our hands, or it urges us on to the battle; but theſe are the reſults of muſic and not the end it has in view, ſo that we cannot charge it with being the ſervant of utility. In applying to the other arts the principle we have uſed in reference to poetry and muſic, that is to ſay, in examining thoſe arts whoſe form is the moſt expreſſive and approaches the neareſt to the Beautiful, as it recedes the fartheſt from the uſeful, we may be allowed to place painting immediately next to poetry and muſic, and then at different diſtances may be ranged ſculpture, architecture and the conſtruction of gardens.

CHAPTER X.

THE chief characteriſtic of all art we have ſaid is expreſſion; another condition of art which it cannot renounce without being deſtroyed, is that it be free, or in other words, that it be the ſervant of nothing except itſelf. Liberty is to be conſidered in reference to the end of art, not as to the means it employs; that is to ſay, the means ought always to be in conformity with the end art propoſes to itſelf. Admitting this, how ſhould the different arts be diſtinguiſhed? To ſettle this queſtion, we muſt rightly

conceive of the nature of Beauty. The Beautiful is the true and the good manifeſted to man under ſenſible forms. The Beautiful would be the good and the true if it had no forms: again, it is the ſenſible form of the good and the true which makes what we call Beauty. The Beautiful then has a moral and a ſenſible part: the moral part is the good and the true, whoſe manifeſtation is the Beautiful: the ſenſible part is the form from beneath which the good and the true exhibit themſelves to our organs. And this applies equally to art: we muſt diſtinguiſh in art between its baſis and its form; the moral idea and the expreſſion of it, or the material by which the idea is rendered evident. Regarded in the profoundeſt manner as to the moral idea which gives them life, all the arts are equal and identical. There is but one Art, ſince the moral idea is everywhere the ſame. But

when we examine the form under which the idea appears to us, then we recognize a difference between the arts: ſo that the idea makes the arts identical, the form of expreſſion diſtinguiſhes between them. The idea affects the mind, the form the ſenſes: for the difference in art we muſt attend to its forms, for it is not in their relation with the mind that the arts differ, but in their relation with the ſenſes. By the ſenſes the Beautiful is made apparent to the mind, the central point where the different effects that art produces on our ſenſibility are blended in one ſimple effect. When they have reached the ſoul the arts become identical, but they purſue different paths in order to arrive there. How many paths are there whereby the Beautiful can enter the ſoul; in other terms, by how many ſenſes can we perceive the Beautiful? Of the five ſenſes which man is endowed with, ſmell, taſte, and touch

are incapable of tranſmitting the Beautiful to us; and if it be affirmed, that united with the other two, theſe ſenſes can increaſe the ſentiment of the Beautiful, at leaſt it muſt be conceded that when left to themſelves they cannot communicate the Beautiful. Taſte, for inſtance, appreciates the agreeable and not the Beautiful; it is the ſervant of intereſt, of the ſtomach; and all thoſe ſenſes which do not judge in a diſintereſted manner, cannot judge concerning the Beautiful. Smell, is a little leſs at the ſervice of the body, but by itſelf has nothing to do with the idea of Beauty; one never thinks of ſaying that a ſcent has any beauty in it. If ſmell ſometimes ſeems to participate in the ſentiment and the judgment of the Beautiful, it is becauſe the ſcent is given off from an object which derives its beauty elſewhere than from its ſcent: like the roſe whoſe beauty appears in its ſhape and colours.

So of touch alſo, which judges only of hardneſs and of ſoftneſs; in both of theſe there is neither beauty nor uglineſs. It is not touch alone, but touch aſſiſted by ſight which judges of regular forms: there remain only two ſenſes which can diſcern the Beautiful; ſight and hearing. If we enquire the reaſon of this noble prerogative attached to theſe two ſenſes, we ſhall find theſe ſenſes not ſo indiſpenſable for the preſervation of a perſon as the others. They are rather the ornament than the ſupport of life: they procure us thoſe pleaſures in which man is immerſed, and the me is reflected upon the not-me. Art then muſt addreſs itſelf to ſight and hearing in order to reach the ſoul; hence the great diviſion of the arts into two claſſes, that of hearing, and that of ſight: the firſt includes two arts, ſpeaking and ſinging, poetry and muſic whoſe ſenſible form is ſound: the ſecond contains all

thoſe arts whoſe material is developed in ſpace; painting, ſculpture, architecture and the art of gardening. We have already rejected philoſophy and hiſtory, for their end is not themſelves, their buſineſs is to inſtruct: ſo alſo eloquence, whoſe end is to perſuade and not to move and to amuſe: emotion and pleaſure are not arguments: when the orator meets them he may rejoice at and profit by his happy fortune, but he muſt not ſeek for them, this would lay him under the charge of deceit and impoſture. It was thus that Socrates underſtood eloquence. We ſhould reject even architecture and gardening if they were to ſubſerve any other end than the Beautiful. To make architecture ſubordinate to the conveniency of a building, is to deſtroy it. Regard the architect who is compelled to ſacrifice the general form of his fabric to ſome particular purpoſe: he takes refuge in details,

in pediments, friezes, and in all thoſe parts that have not utility for their ſpecial end; and there he becomes again the true artiſt. Poetry and muſic, painting and ſculpture are more free than architecture, and the gardening art. Undoubtedly, theſe former may be put in fetters, but they get rid of them more eaſily; and thus are truly generous, and advance with perfect freedom towards their chief end. Theſe arts identical in one ſenſe, differ in their manner of procedure. It is evident that ſculpture and painting avail themſelves of means quite unlike thoſe which poetry and muſic employ. Is it then really true that all theſe produce the ſame effect? Is it true that the muſician can awaken the ſame emotions as the painter? moſt certainly: but for this it is not neceſſary that one art ſhould encroach upon the *form* of another. They can arrive at the ſame reſult, each by its

peculiar path. A manager of a theatre, for the wages at which the celebrated Haydn had engaged himſelf in order to ſupport his family, wiſhed that compoſer to repreſent the different ſcenes of a tempeſt; the howling of the winds and the noiſe of the thunder were eaſy to imitate: but how was he to repreſent the flaſhes of lightning rending ſuddenly the vaſt veil of night? And how above all ſhew the moſt awful part of the ſtorm, the movement of the waves, as now rolling mountains high, the ſhip is hurled to their giddy tops, and now ſinking down and gliding from beneath it they ſeem to leave it in a depthleſs chaſm. Haydn deſired to repreſent this alternation which he conſidered the moſt powerful element of terror in the picture of a ſhipwreck; he ſtrove rapidly to ſet before the mind the mighty ſwelling and fall of the billows; he combined ſounds, brought together all the reſources

of his art and of his genius, and his efforts were uſeleſs; he was forced to give up the matter. Some ten years afterwards he re-conſidered the difficulty and examined it philoſophically; he perceived that in one ſenſe it could not be explained, but that in another it could be ſolved; in other words, he found that ſounds can never unfold forms, that if muſic is expreſſive it ſets forth ideas, ſentiments, not figures, and that it ſhould ſeek to awaken the ſame emotions as thoſe which are cauſed by forms, but by the means peculiar to itſelf. Muſic ought to yield up to painting the motion of the ſurging waves: with ſounds muſic can produce the ſentiment which takes poſſeſſion of us when in the preſence of the terrible ſcene. Haydn at laſt ſought to deſcribe and produce grief and fear, he thus became not only the rival of the painter, but ſuperior to him, becauſe it is given to muſic to be expreſſive in a

higher degree, and conſequently to ſtir more profoundly than painting. The difficulty about the tempeſt was both explained and left unexplained; unexplained as to the form, but explained as to the fundamental idea; the remarks we have made on muſic are applicable to all the other branches of art. We are brought back then to what we laid down as a principle; all the arts are in *eſſence* the ſame, and different in form. In a certain aſpect we ought to conſider the axiom, Ut pictura poeſis, to be untrue. Painting cannot be all that poetry is, nor can poetry be all that painting is. Every one admires the deſcription of Rumour given by Virgil,[1] but if a painter were to think of portraying this ſymbolic figure, and were to place before us an enormous monſter with

[1] Aeneid, lib. iv. l. 173-188.

a hundred eyes, a hundred ears and mouths, his feet on the earth, his head hid in the clouds, would not the ſentiment cauſed by ſuch a picture be laughable?

All the arts can excite the ſame emotions, but by different ſymbols. We do not pretend to aſſert that ſuch a paſſage of muſic is infallibly conjoined with ſuch or ſuch a moral idea. Muſic cares but for two expreſſions far enough ſeparated, that of ſadneſs, and hat of gaiety; apart from either of theſe its meaning is altogether vague:[1] but it is on this account that muſic can comply with, unite with the diſpoſitions of all men, and that we,

[1] See Aliſon on Taſte, Eſſay xi. chap. 11. ſec. 11. There are ſome moſt excellent remarks in that portion of the work, on the limit of muſical expreſſion: "The *general* emotions of Gaiety, Elevation, Solem-" nity, Melancholy, or Sadneſs, muſic is every day " found to expreſs: and with regard to ſuch general

as the melody proceeds, delight and deceive ourſelves with the favourite ideas of our imagination.

If the arts ought to reſpect each the other's form, there is one however which ſeems to grow rich from the ſtores of all, I mean poetry. With language poetry can paint and carve, it can raiſe up a fabric like an architect, and to a certain extent it imitates the ſweet concord of muſic. It is, ſo to ſpeak, the point where all the arts meet; it is art ſupremely, it is the power of expreſſing all with an univerſal ſymbol. Finally, the baſis of poetry is the ſame as that of the other

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" expreſſions, there is never any miſtake: but when " it attempts to go further, when it attempts to ex- " preſs *particular* paſſions, Ambition, Fortitude, Pity, " Love, Gratitude, &c. it either fails altogether in its " effects, or is obliged to have recourſe to the aſſiſt- " ance of words to render it intelligible."

arts, and the form is nearly equal to theirs: language however is at once thought and matter, objective and ſubjective, though it is the moſt definite and exact of forms, it ſcarcely belongs to the phyſical world; hence it is that poetry in itſelf is nearly equal to all the other arts combined, and excels each ſeparate one.

CHAPTER XI.

IT has been my endeavour to preſent a ſketch of the theory of the Beautiful, and now I ſhall retrace and bring together the various parts of the doctrine.

It ſeemed to me that in order to carry out my plan I muſt reſolve the following queſtions. Firſt, What is the Beautiful in reality? that is, ſuch as it appears in nature to the eye and the mind of man. Secondly, What is ideal beauty? thirdly, How is the paſſage from real to ideal beauty effected? It is not until each of theſe

three queſtions has been examined and ſettled that we can arrive at thoſe of art, which is in fact the repreſentation of ideal beauty, and it is evident that to ſpeak of it with correctneſs we muſt inveſtigate before hand the nature of real and of ideal beauty, and determine the relation of the one to the other. Having treated of art in general, we came to contemplate particular arts and to examine their nature, capacity, limits, and laws.

The queſtion of ideal and of real beauty we purſued with great attention, and dwelt the longer on ideal beauty becauſe the ſubject is full of difficulties from which it muſt be diſentangled before another matter is taken up; if one is ignorant about real beauty, then ideal beauty will be nothing but a phantom, now on this ſide, now on the other ſide of reality, and art will be made up of either mean or of coloſſal ideas.

The difficulties encloſed in the firſt enquiry are: firſt, Does the Beautiful exiſt in the object? ſecondly, Does it exiſt in the human mind? In order to properly examine theſe, we muſt begin with the ſecond, which is the ſubjective enquiry: we muſt conſider the ſtate of the mind in the preſence of nature, analyze in its complexity the phenomenon which Beauty occaſions within us, determine the ſeveral faculties which are thereupon unfolded, their mode of activity and their mutual relation. Then we muſt take up the objective enquiry, and ſearch out the marks of external beauty, diſcover whether the beauties of nature are identical or different. Obſerve that by the word *nature* I do not mean phyſical nature alone, but the reality of all that is beautiful; forms, ideas, ſentiments, actions: I mean all that is *object* relatively to *me* the ſubject who regards it; all that lies under the gaze of the mind is

called the object of the mind: the ſoul itſelf becomes its own object, when looking inward upon itſelf it is contemplated by itſelf, in a word, I call all that is ſubmitted to the obſervation of the mind the objective world or nature. It is eaſy to perceive with what intention I have ſtriven to ſeize the whole of the objects that can be called beautiful and divide them into different claſſes. I have been anxious to avoid the errors of all previous theories. The authors of all thoſe theories have aſpired to eſtabliſh a complete ſyſtem; they have embraced however but one kind of beauty: ſome have devoted themſelves excluſively to phyſical beauty, others to moral beauty; one has contemplated the Beautiful in painting, another the Beautiful in ſculpture, and thus we have had only ſpecial theories. In carefully diſtinguiſhing the different kinds of beauty, in ſetting before you, ſo to ſpeak, the various parts

of my ſyſtem, I would guard you againſt whatever of boldneſs there may be in my generalizations; you are ſheltered from all ſurprize, and you can eaſily ſee whether I in any caſe fall into the errors which I charge others with. Examine for yourſelf whether all the difficulties that environ the firſt enquiry have been removed; the different kinds of external beauty ſhould be diſcovered, their characteriſtics determined, and alſo the intellectual acts which correſpond in the mind to the external marks of beauty. Have I done this? And firſt, in relation to the ſubjective enquiry have I enumerated all the phenomena which take place in the human mind at the inſtance of beauty? Three phenomena touch and correſpond to the different mark of external beauty; the faculty of repreſentation, reaſon, and the ſpecial ſentiment of the Beautiful. Theſe three phenomena in their combina-

tions make up taſte, which is the inferior form of the imagination. Taſte then is the medium of a knowledge of the Beautiful, juſt as genius is the inſtrument of art. In genius there appears no more than the three preceding faculties, but theſe appear in a higher degree of energy; taſte diſcerns the Beautiful, genius realizes it. Before arriving at genius we muſt attain to taſte: the important element in the latter is that pure love which is unfolded in the preſence of beauty, a love which muſt be jealouſly diſtinguiſhed from that ſelfiſh feeling which phyſical ſenſibility gives birth to, and incites us to appropriate the object of it. The love of the Beautiful purſues ſimply an idea; its enjoyment is purely intellectual: it does not bring the object to the me, the me is carried out of itſelf towards the object. Unite with diſintereſted love the power of repreſentation, memory at once paſſive

and active, voluntary and involuntary, which can ſet vividly before you natural or intellectual objects, and then you will have two of thoſe faculties which conſtitute taſte; but taſte cannot be complete without the co-operation of reaſon. In fact taſte muſt not merely repreſent to us the different parts of an object, it muſt alſo ſeize the unity in order to comprehend the expreſſion, the moral idea unfolded in the object.

Let us now go over what has been ſaid about the various outward marks of beauty, that is, about the problem of the Beautiful in its objective ſphere. There are two kinds of beauty; the Beautiful properly ſo called, and the Sublime. This diſtinction ſeems to us real, and is grounded upon the agreement or the diſcord in our faculties in the preſence of Beauty. We believe, that in every caſe in which the Sublime is ſeen, the faculty of repre-

ſentation ſinks under the grandeur of the object, while the reaſon alone embraces the object as a whole. From this capacity of reaſon, which at once, and without an effort conceives the object, and from that feebleneſs of repreſentation which ſtrives in vain to ſoar to the height of reaſon there ariſe two ſentiments; one of pleaſure, the other of diſpleaſure. In the caſe in which the Beautiful only is manifeſted, there is more harmony among the different faculties that compoſe taſte; reaſon clearly comprehends its object, and further, the repreſentative faculty eaſily ſeizes the details, and from this accord, an unmixed feeling of pleaſure is derived.

This variety of the Beautiful having been perceived, the next enquiry was, whether it is not rather in the form, than in the eſſence of the Beautiful. The Beautiful is made known by phyſical, intellectual, and by moral nature, as Beauty

properly ſo called, and as the Sublime; are there then ſix kinds of beauty? We have found that beauty is *one* in eſſence, that there exiſts but one beauty alone, moral beauty; that the beauty uſually ſtyled phyſical, is merely the viſible reflex of moral or of intellectual beauty; theſe laſt two being both united under the name of inviſible or immaterial beauty. We have ſhewn from many examples, that the Sublime and the Beautiful conſidered phyſically in animated and in lifeleſs nature, are the form ſimply of a beauty internal and metaphyſical, which is blended with the true and the good in one, the ſame unity. If the true, the good and the beautiful appear to be diſtinct and ſeparate, it is not becauſe they are ſo in fact, but becauſe they are given forth in different objects. The true exiſts by itſelf, as ſeen in human actions it becomes the good; combined with ſenſible

forms it becomes the beautiful. The myſterious unity which binds together theſe three ideas is the Abſolute, is God Himſelf. Until we reached this point we were not out of the domain of real beauty: in order to paſs to ideal beauty it was neceſſary to thoroughly acquaint ourſelves with the nature of real beauty; we know that it is given us in a complex ſtate: we know the elements of this complexneſs; in every being whatever, there is the ſubſtance, that which makes it to exiſt, and the phenomenal, that which makes it exiſt in ſuch or ſuch a manner. This diſtinction is not new; Plato recognizes two grand elements in the univerſe, a particular and a general element. According to the Athenian philoſopher, the firſt is variable, fleeting, in a perpetual flux and reflux; the ſecond on the contrary is fixed, unchanging, abſolute. Conſider, that in truth if there were not in every

object a fundamental invariable element, the ſpecial part of every thing being mutable and inconſtant, the identity of beings would be impoſſible. However much they may change and be inceſſantly renewed, we call them always by the ſame name, and know them to *be* the ſame; beſides this changing part which makes them ſuch as they are, there is then an ultimate part, ſubject to no change, and which conſtitutes their permanent exiſtence. Thus the queſtion about the paſſage from real to ideal beauty is explained, it is effected in the ſame way as that from the idea of phenomena to the idea of ſubſtance, or from the idea of the relative to the idea of the abſolute. How do we in mathematics arrive at the abſolute? we diſengage the general from what is individual: we contemplate numbers apart from the things to which they are applied, and we obtain in this manner a relation abſtract and un-

changeable. It is the ſame in moral ſcience: a man receives money in truſt, we underſtand at once that he is under obligation to reſtore it: preſently we perceive that it is not upon this individual as ſuch that the obligation reſts, but upon every free agent in all time and in every place, and in this way we arrive at the idea of duty immutable, univerſal, abſolute. The artiſt does what the mathematician and the philoſopher do; in every beautiful object there are two elements, the general and the particular: diſengage the former from the folds of the latter and you will reach the abſolute in art, the ideal.

That being admitted, we inquired what is art? It is the repreſentation of the abſolute, the general, in other words, of the ideal. Nature is an artiſt that enwraps the ideal in variable, contingent forms, and theſe forms more or leſs debaſe the moral idea enſhrined within them.

Art is a perfected nature that conceives of unity beneath variety, of the general with the particular, the moral within the phyſical, the abſolute within the relative, the ideal within the real, and that ſtrives to reproduce the object of this conception but by means of forms more faithful. Art imitates nature, in this ſenſe, it draws out the moral idea ſketched in every object: art ſurpaſſes nature in this ſenſe, it renders the forms more pure and more in uniſon with the moral idea they expreſs. Art undoubtedly does not *realize* the ideal in every deed, but it beſtows upon it more clearneſs and higher majeſty; It is in this light that we muſt underſtand this ſentence: Art is the repreſentation of the ideal. This definition gives us a ſtandard by which to compare and claſſify the fine arts. The firſt rank ſhould be aſſigned to the one which, of all others has the moſt diſtinct and intelligible expreſſion,

that is poetry. Next comes muſic, whoſe material means, though leſs determined and diſtinct than language produce emotions more profound and vivid than the colours of a painting, or the lines of a ſtatue. Painting, ſculpture, and architecture are placed laſt becauſe their action more limited, has in view works more ſpecial and confined than that of poetry or of muſic, and conſequently at a greater diſtance from the ideal.

In concluſion this is the law we would ſet before the artiſt. Endeavour to appreciate by your taſte the beauty preſented you in nature; but do not be contented with this merely meditative opinion which belongs chiefly to the philoſopher: diſplay your genius: ſet the ideal free from the inthralment of the real, and bring back the abſolute afreſh clothed in purer forms. If you ſhut yourſelf up within the narrow boundary of the individual and the varia-

ble, your works will vaniſh and be forgotten like all that is changeful. That you may live for ever in the hearts of other men, lay hold on that which never paſſes away, the abſolute, the ideal, the pure idea of the Beautiful; this is one of the manifeſtations of Infinite Being—of God.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

A.

THE charge of pantheiſm has been laid againſt Couſin by many of his readers, and even ſo late as 1847 Mr. Morell remarks that it is difficult to ſay how his opinions can be altogether vindicated from it. (See Mr. Morell's work on the Speculative Philoſophy of Europe in 19th Century, 2nd Ed. p. 502, vol. 11.) Couſin however in his preface to the ſecond edition of his Philoſophical Fragments moſt diſtinctly denies the truth of the charge, and proceeds to defend himſelf at length: we quote the following paſſages, "But if I have not confounded God and the World; if my God is not the Univerſe-God of Pantheiſm, neither is He, I admit, the abſtraction of abſolute unity, the lifeleſs God of the

ſchoolmen. As God is made known only ſo far as he is abſolute cauſe, on this account in my opinion He cannot but create, (ne peut pas ne pas produire)..... The God of conſciouſneſs is not an abſtract God; a ſolitary King, exiled beyond the limit of creation, on the deſert throne of a ſilent eternity and of an abſolute exiſtence, which reſembles even the negation of exiſtence. He is a God at once true and real, at once ſubſtance and cauſe, being ſubſtance only ſo far as he is cauſe, that is to ſay, abſolute cauſe . . . . . In the ſyſtem of Spinoſa creation is impoſſible; in mine it is neceſſary,"——There ſeems to be no pantheiſm here, nor do we think the doctrine is favoured in the other parts of Couſin's writings: but in this very defence of himſelf, Couſin ſtates an opinion which is certainly at variance with the Divine free-will, and which we muſt be permitted moſt emphatically to diſſent from. "God" ſays our author "cannot but create" "creation is neceſſary"—"God is abſolute Cauſe;" now in the words of Sir William Hamilton where he refutes this opinion, "what exiſts merely as a cauſe exiſts merely for the ſake of ſomething elſe,—is not final to itſelf but ſimply a means

towards an end; and in the accompliſhment of that end it conſummates its own perfection. . . . . An abſolute cauſe is not only dependent on the effect for its perfection; it is dependent on it even for its *reality*. . . . . An abſolute cauſe, in truth only exiſts in its effects; it never *is*, it is always *becoming*." It is then evident how inſufficient and derogatory to the Divine nature this definition of God by "abſolute cauſe" really is; while often and diſtinctly affirming the perſonality and unconditioned exiſtence of God, Couſin has in effect ſtated that the Divine nature is dependent, and neceſſarily related to ſomething elſe; that is to ſay, in his own words, "God cannot but create:" and this neceſſity conſequently is not a moral but a natural or phyſical neceſſity. Dr. Harris has furniſhed the believer in Revelation with an anſwer to ſuch a doctrine, "The God of the Bible is ſubject neither to the neceſſity of acting, ad extra, nor to the neceſſity of not acting. The univerſe has been created for his "pleaſure;" not from a neceſſity which He could not phyſically reſiſt. And whatever takes place in it of a beneficial nature, takes place "according to the purpoſe of Him who worketh

all things according to the counſel of his own will." The only neceſſity therefore which can be regarded as obliging him in reſpect to a creation is a moral neceſſity, that having *freely* determined to create, he ſhould propoſe an adequate end, and employ the appropriate means for its attainment."—See the Pre-Adamite Earth, part 1, chap. 2.

B.

IN the Beautiful, reaſon and ſenſe are in harmonious union: and in this is found the lovelineſs of beauty, all is ſweet agreement.

In the Sublime, reaſon and ſenſe do not harmonize; and in this diſcordance is found the magic influence of ſublimity; there is a conflict between the ſpiritual and the phyſical.

In the Beautiful, we are detained in the ſenſuous world.

In the Sublime, we paſs from the ſenſuous and exult in the ſuperſenſuous.

In the Beautiful, we feel a pure diſintereſted love uninterrupted by one diſtreſsful emotion.

In the Sublime, our feeling is complex; a lofty ſadneſs and a delight riſing to ecſtaſy are commingled; we do not love, but a kind of awe, bordering on terror, and expreſſed well by the latin *vereor*, poſſeſſes us; this feeling is diſtinct from that of fear.

The Beautiful awakens the benevolent affections, the various amiable and tender ſentiments.

The Sublime excites whatever is great and noble and ſerious in us: it raiſes us above ourſelves; it makes us revere the generous and the invincibly virtuous.

The Beautiful lifts us out of ourſelves and carries us towards action and external life, its influence is ſuch as to develope our nature.

The Sublime makes the mind collapſe, ſo to ſpeak; we are reſtrained within ourſelves, and caſt into reverie.

The Beautiful for the moſt part reſides in ſmall objects; and in the natural world prefers the ſmooth, and poliſhed and the undulating; it is always evident and diſtinct, delicate and light: and when manifeſting itſelf under the form of language it often *abounds* in words.

The Sublime chooſes vaſt objects, and thoſe which are rugged and negligent and angular; it generally is dark and gloomy; firm and maſſive, nor does it allow many words: it is often dumb and ſilent.

The Beautiful in a word is force or power unembarraſſed and developing itſelf with eaſe and grace, here the *triumph* is beautiful.

The Sublime is force or power being over-

borne and vanquiſhed: force in conflict with mightier force, here the *ſtruggle* is ſublime.[1]

Theſe contraſts might be illuſtrated by innumerable examples from phyſical, intellectual and moral life, this however muſt be left for the reader; it is clear that the criteria preſented prove the eſſential difference between beauty and ſublimity; the obſervation of facts and our own conſciouſneſs atteſt this difference and ſhow that the Sublime is not an intenſe form of the Beautiful for the ſentiment of the latter *vaniſhes* before that of the former.

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[1] See Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful. Part 3, ſec. 27. Schiller's Philoſophical Eſſays. Cours D'Eſthetique. Par Jouffroy, Leçon 36, and Appendix 2, &c. &c. whence the above contraſts have been derived.

THE END.

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